HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1707.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.
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DRIVING ON THE BEACH.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 719.]

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Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

No. 1707.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND "THE NEW SOUTH."

IT has been supposed that the development of industry and the growth of enterprise in the Southern States would lead to a more friendly disposition toward the Republican party. During the campaign of last year, when it was urged as an argument against the permanence of an extreme protective policy that even HENRY CLAY regarded protection only as a temporary expedient, it was alleged in reply that the industrial interests of the Southern States are now in the very nascent condition for which he demanded protection. Protection, it was urged, is now especially the policy for those States; and in pursuance of this conviction it is announced that a Republican crusade will be undertaken through those States, and a multitude of eminent orators will expound the Republican policy of extreme protection as the true interest of "the new South." There is undoubtedly a more positive protection feeling there than ever before. It has existed for some years. Judge KELLEY, in his Southern journey, saw that it would naturally grow and become stronger. The argument drawn from the situation, therefore, for reviving the Republican party in the Southern States is very plausible, but the party has not seemed to profit by it. It is most desirable that the normal political condition of parties representing national policies should be restored throughout the country, and as the Republican party contains so much of the characteristic intelligence and impulse of this part of it, the prosperous increase of that party in the Southern States would be a welcome sign of a natural and healthy political situation. This is so obvious that a wise use of the opportunity would be a test and proof of Republican statesmanship. If the party which represented the controlling sentiment during the war should appear in the Southern States as the party of what seemed to intelligent Southerners the true interests of those States in peace, it would be, apart from all views as to the economical soundness of the policy, a happy political event.

To secure this result, the party, of course, should appear in the best possible light. Its spirit should be represented, its policy advocated, and the party organization effected in the Southern States by men of unquestionable personal and political character, ability, and fidelity. To a party which has accomplished so much, another great opportunity seems to have been offered. How has it been improved? A party is practically judged, not by its professions, but by its chosen agents and by its conduct. The Republican party first presented itself to its old antagonists in the Southern States by "carpet-baggers." Of that epoch it is unnecessary to speak. Since it ended there has been little life in the Southern Republican party. But a new effort is now to be made, which begins in Virginia. It opened with an appeal of the National Republican Executive Committee urging friends of protection in Virginia to co-operate with General MAHONE; and in order to commend Republicanism, symbolized by General MAHONE, to the sympathy and support of Virginians, the appeal was signed by M. S. QUAY, whom the Philadelphia *Press* and the New York *Tribune* have arraigned in the party name for misconduct; by J. S. CLARKSON, the headsman of the Post-office Department, and appropriator of the *Voice's* subscription list; and by W. W. DUDLEY, author of "blocks of five." The force of this appeal, supported by the political reputation of these gentlemen, has been deepened by the action of a Convention, assembled under the auspices of General MAHONE, which has nominated him for Governor upon a platform of further readjustment, not payment, of the State debt, and a high tariff. Upon other points the two parties apparently agree. Both declare for the remonetization of silver, repeal of taxes on tobacco and fruit brandies, State pensions for disabled Confederate soldiers, a national education law, native labor rather than foreign, and both have nominated ex-Confederate officers. The Democratic Convention, as we state elsewhere, has also declared that white supremacy is an issue which takes precedence of all others.

Does this course promise well for the prosperity of the Republican party in the Southern States? Were Messrs. QUAY, CLARKSON, DUDLEY, and MAHONE well-chosen representatives of a party which desired to put its best foot forward? Are they prepossessing forerunners of the orators of the Republican League who, if some gentlemen whose names we have seen mentioned should go into the Southern States, would naturally address themselves to intelligent and thoughtful citizens? General MAHONE'S political career has inspired neither respect nor confidence in this part of the country, and there is no evidence that he has any large following among intelligent citizens in Virginia. The most that can be said for the situation in that State is that the Republican platform upon all the issues really involved in the election is no worse than the Democratic. But both MAHONE and the platform are far below the old Republican standards. He is virtually a repudiator, and his platform includes a policy which the Republican party formerly denounced as bad faith, and which, in the form of a bill, a Republican President vetoed amid general applause. There is obviously no reason why any Virginian protectionist of Democratic sympathies should prefer to vote for repudiation under a Republican rather than a Democratic candidate. Certainly, so far as honest government is concerned, there is no reason to suppose that Republicanism will seem to any honorable Southern citizen more respectable when represented by MAHONE and State repudiation than by the carpet-baggers. The eminent Republican orators who are to advocate Republicanism beyond the Potomac will find themselves compelled to say whether General MAHONE symbolizes Republican character, and State repudiation Republican policy. They must also be able to point out what connection there is between demagogism and dishonesty and the Republicanism of LINCOLN, SUMNER, and ANDREW.

THE STATE CONVENTIONS IN NEW YORK.

THE Republican and Democratic State Conventions in New York have both been called. The former will meet at Saratoga on the 25th of September; the latter at Syracuse on the 1st of October. The Republican call invites all who support the national platform of 1888; the Democratic call invites all who favor tariff revision upon the principles advocated in 1888, and all who are opposed to unequal and oppressive sumptuary laws. This last allusion is the only one especially pertinent to the canvass in New York. The tariff is not a State question, but the license question is. The Democratic call is addressed substantially to the opponents of high license. It was issued under the auspices of Governor HILL, and is designed to placate the liquor interest. But a simpler phrase, such as low license, or no license, or such license as Governor HILL approves, would have been more easily understood by those whose votes are solicited by this declaration. It is an off year, and the circumstances would seem to favor a contest upon the license issue. But that is not the whole situation. Last year the issue was raised, but it was complicated with the greater issue of the tariff, and the result signified little so far as license was concerned.

This year the election is complicated again with the question of the Senatorial succession. Mr. EVARTS'S term expires next year, and the Republican managers are really more interested in that question than any other. They are afraid of the license issue as affecting the German vote, or, under the circumstances, they would have brought it forward prominently as the Democrats have done. The two party chiefs in the State, Governor HILL and Mr. PLATT, both wish to control the Senatorial succession. But Governor HILL feels much surer in bidding for the liquor vote than Mr. PLATT in appealing to the temperance vote. The Governor, therefore, has given a positive hint to the platform makers in his Convention, but Mr. PLATT hints negatively by silence. The Governor is very confident that the Irish vote does not approve sumptuary laws, and Mr. PLATT undoubtedly suspects that the German vote is of the same mind. He evidently thinks it wiser to rely upon Republican principles in the abstract and upon the national platform. Perhaps, also, he chooses to leave something to the Convention.

But the views and action of the Governor and Mr. PLATT do not change the situation upon this subject. The Republican course has not been that of a high license party, but at present it is only from the Republican party that high license measures can be reasonably expected. The Democratic cannot be an effective license party because of the consequent alienation of the liquor interest, which it cannot afford to lose. As Mr. GRIFFIN has constantly shown, the valuable temperance legislation has been generally, although not always, enacted by Republicans. In New York, at least, no man who wishes to see some effective restriction of the sale of liquor will either wait for a prohibition amendment, or expect it from Democratic legislation. If it be said that the Republican Legislature is very lame in this race, the reply is that a horse lame in three legs is better than one with no legs at all. The business of the voter in the New York election is not revision of the tariff, but reform in the license and ballot laws. It is his duty to make the best of the situation, and to get as much as he can for the causes that he has at heart, and which depend upon State action. The success of the Democratic party in a liquor alliance such as this call implies would be a very serious misfortune. Its defeat might not secure such legislation as we ought to have, but the result for the license cause would be very much better than the ratification of such an alliance at the polls.

THE GREAT FAIR OF '92.

THE most comprehensive and valuable suggestion yet offered in regard to the World's Fair of 1892 is that of Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON. He proposes that instead of a mere huge bazar heaped with the miscellaneous contemporary productions of all countries, the Fair shall be a vast illustration of the historic progress of civilization as shown in the application of invention and science to the pursuits of peace. Here is a definite central idea for the organization and adjustment of the exhibition. Modern times may be said in a general way to have begun with the invention of gunpowder and printing, and these great forces were but recently known and as yet were undeveloped when COLUMBUS discovered America. This fact Mr. ATKINSON bears in mind. He conceives of a proper exhibition upon a scale so magnificent as that which is proposed, not as the Greatest Show on Earth, but as a comprehensive and imposing history in visible forms of the spiritual tendency which underlies the material advance of civilization. He would have the Fair illustrate the interdependence of men and nations, and their power to serve each other in all the arts of peace that "make for plenty." In a word, without saying it, Mr. ATKINSON would have the American World's Fair illustrate the thought of the greatest poet of the time in the poem which more than any other is this expression of the dominant faith of this century:

> "Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

This seems to be a suggestion as valuable as it is timely. If indeed the enterprise is commercial only, and contemplates merely a greater Fair of Novgorod; if the aim is to have the Paris Exhibition of this year writ larger, a higher tower of Eiffel, more buildings upon more acres, and larger heaps of wares; if mere bigness is to be the purpose—Mr. ATKINSON'S suggestions are superfluous. Bigness is undoubtedly imposing, and those who do not go to Paris this year will be glad to see the Paris Exhibition repeated upon a larger scale in New York in 1892. But a great fair like that in Paris should inspire not only a bigger one, but a better one. Every such occasion is instructive, not only in the actual articles which are exhibited, but in the general conception of the scope and possibilities of such an occasion.

By all means let the American exhibition, merely as an exhibition, surpass that of Paris, or of London, or of Vienna. But also let its motive, to use a word familiar in musical composition, be finer. The Green Vaults in Dresden are piled with extraordinary treasures, but they form a bewildering mass of splendor. Let us have the treasures, but have them well ordered, and serving not only to delight the eye, but to quicken the mind. When we are looking at the triumphs of French and American gold-workers, let us see also how BENVENUTO worked. Let us see how our skill surpasses his, or whether, on the other hand, he had an art which we have lost. "My general idea is," says Mr. ATKINSON, "that either by way of examples, of pictures, of graphic illustrations, and of figures, one and all combined, so far as may be, the exhibition should show the progress of modern art and industry from the prehistoric type, or from the type of 1492, down to the present day." No man in the country is better qualified to advise upon such a point. He was actively connected with the Philadelphia Centennial Fair of 1876, and he largely directed the plan of the great Atlanta Fair, and this experience, with his knowledge of industrial art and its history, makes him a very competent counsellor.

GAMBLING AT SARATOGA.

THE prosperity of American gaming-houses lies in the silence of the press. The whole business is "shady." It is generally done at night in seclusion, and is in no sense public. But it is in every sense a public concern. All the conditions and circumstances, the silence and secrecy, of gaming-houses imply a consciousness of guilt. They are in a much greater degree the screens of the saloon. All such pursuits which shun publicity are self-convicted. They are, moreover, in the case of the gaming-house, violators of the law. But when they defy publicity, when the usual American rule of seclusion and secrecy is broken, and, as in Baden-Baden and Homburg and Monaco, they invite public attention and custom, they reveal a condition of public acquiescence in their existence and activity which is very significant. This seems to be somewhat the situation at Saratoga, where the *Union* has been waging open war upon the offenders, and its fusillade has produced some remarkable statements from citizens of the village, as well as from the proprietors of the gaming-houses. Such places are described as necessary incidents of a summer resort of the larger kind. People who have plenty of money come, it is said, to amuse themselves, and if they wish to spend their money or to throw it away in gambling, why not, and whose business is it?

The proprietor of the chief gaming-house in Saratoga is reported in the *Union* as saying:

"It is now nineteen years since I first came to Saratoga and purchased an interest in the club-house with the late Mr. MORRISSEY, whom I succeeded here shortly before his death. I am now sole proprietor of this property, and own nine-tenths of the race-track, of which I am manager, an investment representing $400,000 of capital, and one requiring constant care and attention. During all that time I have taken an active part in every public movement for Saratoga's advancement and improvement. Though I do not pose as a philanthropist, I enjoy the respect and esteem of my neighbors, especially of those prominent as property owners and business men. The race-track and the club-house, as you know, have for two generations been identified with Saratoga as leading features of the resort, as attractions to which it certainly owes much of its popularity among wealthy people. I do not say that without the race-track Saratoga would fall into decay, but lots of other people tell me so, and will tell you so. Men who slave in business all the year round come here for a few weeks in the summer to seek relaxation and a change in a frolic. Many of them tell me that they find such wholesome recreation in roulette and the races as no other mode of enjoyment affords them."

This gentleman, who does not assume to pose as a philanthropist, and who enjoys the respect and esteem of his neighbors, adds, "I know I am outside the pale of the law," and he holds that stock gambling is quite as bad as roulette. Betting on the rise and fall of stocks or on a horse-race may be as bad as betting upon the numbers in roulette, but the law makes the last a felony, and such a law springs from a deep public conviction, founded upon experience, that it is an evil which should not be tolerated. It is none the less an evil because other things which may seem as bad to those who are pecuniarily interested in gaming-houses are not branded as illegal. Nor is it less an evil because the law, like the law restricting the sale of liquor, is not always enforced, or because its violation is condoned by the sentiment of a public apparently interested in the violation. In places like the German and Continental spas, where gambling is a recognized pursuit, the prosperity of the shop-keeping population, and consequently of the most active and demonstrative citizens, is felt to be dependent upon it. There is no law against it, and local public opinion approves it.

But such places are sores upon the body politic. The inevitable consequences of the establishment of gambling-houses, as of rum shops, are fatal to decent communities. In Newport "the tiger" has been always confined to the darkest lair. As Saratoga becomes identified, like Wiesbaden, with gambling-houses, its character as an American community must necessarily suffer. More and more it will draw to itself the most disreputable and dangerous classes, and it cannot escape the consequences. This is plainly perceived by the more intelligent and self-respecting citizens of the town, who wish neither to expose their children to the contamination of a gambling resort, nor to see their town decay under such a blight. The evil has now become flagrant, and the situation will test the town. If the protest end in a mere newspaper sensation, it will be for the reason that public disapproval is not positive enough to press the matter to trial, a situation which seems to be indicated by the fact that, despite the law, the gaming-houses openly drive their trade, while apparently no legal complaint is made, nor is the law in any way, by any citizen or association of citizens, invoked against the offenders.

PENSIONS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

AN extraordinary decision has been announced from the Department of the Interior to the effect that a dishonorable discharge shall not be a bar to the receipt of a pension. Why not? Do we pension dishonor? Are we grateful to a swindler as to a brave soldier? It is alleged that such a decision is in accord with the law. That may be true of a possible interpretation of the law, but it cannot be true of its purpose or spirit. Pensions are granted to soldiers disabled in the line of duty, as monuments are erected to brave soldiers upon the field of their bravery. But no American soldier was braver or more effective in any battle of the Revolution than BENEDICT ARNOLD in the final struggle with BURGOYNE. Should we therefore build a monument to ARNOLD at Saratoga? No previous service can condone his crime or commend him to respect. How then can the good service of a Union soldier obliterate dishonorable discharge?

Are the pensioners under dishonorable discharges to be re-rated also, and their claims made special and "expedited"? It is now stated that the re-ratings and other devices will increase the pension payments during the year by some millions of dollars. If service pensions are added as a new policy, and if dishonorable conduct is to be no bar to them, the surplus will be effectually reduced without tariff legislation of any kind.

Meanwhile there is a kind of pension in a private company which is worthy of public note and regard. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has a relief association to provide for the expenses of accident, sickness, and death among its employés. It now proposes, if the employés agree, to pension disabled and incapacitated employés, and to contribute $50,000 to the fund for the purpose. This is liberal and wise. But does anybody think that those who have been dishonorably discharged from the service of the company ought to be pensioned by it?

WHITE SUPREMACY.

THE Virginia Democrats declare in their platform that white supremacy in the State is paramount to the tariff or any other consideration, and certain foolish white people in the Southern States have suggested a boycott of Mr. WANAMAKER the merchant because of the appointment of colored postmasters by Mr. WANAMAKER the Postmaster-General. When a similar boycott was attempted upon a Philadelphia merchant, MORRIS HALLOWELL, in *ante bellum* times, unless he "shut up" his antislavery views, he remarked that his goods, not his principles, were for sale.

This declaration of white supremacy and the resentment at the appointment of colored postmasters is set off by the burning in effigy of a white postmaster and revenue collector by colored voters in North Carolina as a protest against an exclusive white supremacy, and by the words of a journal edited by a colored clergyman at Selma, Alabama:

"You [the whites] have had your revolutionary and civil wars, and we here predict that at no distant day we will have our race war, and we hope, as God intends, that we will be strong enough to wipe you out of existence. It is bound to come, and just such hot-headed cranks as the editors of our Democratic journals are just right set to hasten it."

This is the natural reply to such a manifesto as that of the Virginia Democrats. If the more intelligent citizens of the Southern States insist in the most public and offensive manner upon making the race issue paramount, with the understanding that the conclusion is forecast, they cannot be surprised if the challenge is defiantly accepted. We should say that a strong declaration, sustained by action, that education and respect for law are the American remedies for civic troubles, and that the Democrats would maintain an ample and adequate system of schools for the whole population, would have been much preferable to a proclamation that the whites propose to hold the colored voters in subjection at all costs. The question of color in the Southern States is most serious, but such a declaration as that of the Virginia Democrats does not seem to us to aid its solution.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN JUDGES.

WHATEVER may have been the reason for the modification of the sentence of Mrs. MAYBRICK, the result will be probably the creation of some judicial tribunal of appeal, consisting perhaps of the same law officers whom the Home Secretary calls into consultation, but whose views do not now prevail without his sanction. In commenting upon the charge of Judge STEPHENS in this trial, we assumed the accuracy of the statements of the cable report. But the charge itself, since received, as the *Evening Post* points out, is not open to the strictures which the report invited. Judge STEPHENS, a man of very great ability and of the highest integrity, has not, however, the judicial mind. In this case he sought a probable motive for murder, and seems to have been satisfied that he found it in the confessed adultery.

This would not have been generally received as satisfactory, and the modification of the sentence was therefore wise. English judges are undoubtedly more independent than ours, and for the reason which the *Post* offers to explain the difference in the temptations of our State and national judiciary. Our State judges are often obliged to pay heavily in assessments to politicians in order to secure a nomination. They serve but for a term of years, are seldom re-elected, and are unseated without pensions when they are seventy years old. The upright judge whose tenure is good character, and who is sure of adequate support for life, if more arbitrary, is more courageous and independent—qualities which we might well secure upon the same terms.

FEW OR MANY?

THE Boston *Transcript* holds "that the Boston *Journal* voiced the general sentiment of New England Republicans in its recent articles deprecating the opposition to civil service reform exhibited by a few prominent members of the Republican organization, and emphatically declaring that the reform had come to stay." But is the *Transcript* correct in saying that the hostility to reform is exhibited only by a few prominent Republicans? The Republicans of three great States—Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Iowa—have recently held their Conventions. But although they have hitherto spoken strongly for reform, they are now silent, when their declarations, as those of an administration party, would be peculiarly significant. The suspicious silence is interpreted in Pennsylvania by the eager praise of Mr. QUAY, a representative opponent of reform, and in Iowa by the remarks of Hon. JOHN N. IRWIN, President of the Convention, which were received with "great cheers":

"The bounden duty of BENJAMIN HARRISON, by the grace of the Republican party President of the United States, is to have none but Republicans on guard anywhere, and to leave nowhere in this broad land any Democrat in any official position, high or low."

This is the official representative action and declaration of the party in these three States, not of a few Republicans. The Republican press exchanges of the *Transcript* must also sometimes give it pause. The Albany *Evening Journal*, the chief rural Republican organ in New York, cries aloud to the Assistant Postmaster-General, who boasts that in five months he has removed fifteen thousand fourth-class postmasters: "Go it, CLARKSON! Out with the whole 55,000 by January 1st!" The spoils sweep in JACKSON's time was less furious than that of CLARKSON. How many of the *Transcript's* Republican exchanges protest against the public wrong of CLARKSON's conduct and his betrayal of the party pledge? The New York *Sun*, not a Republican paper, but one of the frankest opponents of reform, remarks, as the *Transcript* may have observed:

"There have been few funnier things in politics recently than the joyous kick the Republicans gave civil service reform as soon as they got back to office."

The Boston *Journal* says truly, "The reform has come to stay." But how soon would it come under an administration of which Mr. CLARKSON is the most representative and active member?

A POPULAR SUPPLEMENT.

THE demand for No. 1703 of the *Weekly*, containing Captain FRANCIS V. GREENE's illustrated article on "Roads and Road-making," has been so great that it has been found necessary to print an extra edition of this number. We have received from road commissioners and constructors throughout the country requests to reissue Captain GREENE's article in pamphlet form for general distribution in quarters where it is likely to do most good. We fully recognize the educational value of this article, and shall be glad to co-operate with any or all of our correspondents in giving it a still wider circulation than it has yet attained. The best and cheapest way to do this is to send us addresses, to which we may send the number of the *Weekly* containing the article, and to trust to us to make all possible concessions in the matter of price in order to further so good a work.

PERSONAL.

THE mantle of his uncle would seem to have fallen upon Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, if half the reports concerning him be true. According to these, MACAULAY himself was not a more brilliant or steady talker, while the nephew's command of historical and literary knowledge astonishes even those who can recall the flood of information MACAULAY was always ready to pour forth upon the slightest encouragement.

—Distinguished Americans apparently cause as great a furor abroad as noteworthy foreigners do in this country. Dr. DEPEW and Mr. EDISON are being extensively dined and wined in Paris, and take their honors as coolly as could be desired by the most rabid democrat.

—The much-commended example of the Princess of Wales in bringing up her daughters in severe simplicity proved a little too rigid in the case of the present Duchess of Fife. Since her marriage she has surprised those who considered her an ungainly girl by blossoming into a grace and attractiveness that no one suspected she possessed while she was under the stern parental rule.

—The heirs of W. W. CORCORAN have just deeded a valuable lot in Washington to the Baptist Home Society. This same piece of land had been given to the society by Mr. CORCORAN, coupled with the condition that they should build a home upon it. This they are unable to do, and the property would have reverted to Mr. CORCORAN's heirs but for their generous act.

—The "recall to life" of DICKENS's character Dr. Manette is almost paralleled by the reappearance on a farm in Iowa of the distinguished specialist on insanity, Dr. DAVID TILTON BROWN, formerly of the Bloomingdale (New York) Asylum. Crazed himself by his close devotion to his profession, he spent some years in a mad-house in Edinburgh, Scotland, was falsely reported dead, and is now living a quiet life among neighbors who know him only as a farmer.

—It is barely possible that M. NOEL-PARFAIT could have been ignorant of the plagiarism he committed in his address at the disinterment at Nice of the remains of General MARCEAU. M. NOEL-PARFAIT concluded his speech with the words, "His ashes are there, but his name is everywhere," an unfortunate parody upon the similar phrase inscribed upon VOLTAIRE's cenotaph at Ferney.

—Sir PROVO WALLACE is the oldest English admiral living. He is ninety-eight years of age, and was in the fight between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* during the war of 1812.

—Our humorous contemporary *Time* has been fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of Mr. THOMAS NAST in illustrating its pages. As a cartoonist Mr. NAST's vigor has not abated, nor the keen edge of his satire grown dull.

—Doubts as to the truthfulness of the incident upon which WHITTIER's poem of "Barbara Frietchie" was founded are indignantly repudiated by a fellow-townswoman of the heroine. Although a child at the time the Confederate troops entered Frederick, she recollects perfectly the bravery Mrs. FRIETCHIE displayed on that occasion, and asserts that BARBARA's relatives denied the story for an object of their own.

—Notwithstanding the time that has elapsed since the death of FRANZ LISZT, it is only within a few weeks that a marble memorial tablet, bearing his name and the date of his death, has been placed on his house in Bayreuth.

—A curious reminder of the memories of French Revolutionary days may still be seen standing in Guilford, Connecticut. It is an old house painted black, whose sombre hue is said to have been bestowed upon it by a French refugee when he heard the news of the guillotining of LOUIS XVI.

—The Queen's inevitable bridal gift of an India shawl is explained by the statement that one of her tributaries, an Indian prince, is bound by treaty to pay her an annual subsidy in which are included three pairs of the best Cashmere shawls and twelve perfect shawl goats.

—General RUSSELL A. ALGER was elected by acclamation Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the recent encampment at Milwaukee. As the WEEKLY has already contained the portrait of General ALGER at various times—the last so recently as the number of August 17th—it is not deemed necessary to repeat it in this issue.

IN AND ABOUT BALTIMORE.—From Photographs.—[See Page 718.]

THE LATE WILLIAM THAW, OF PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.—From a Photograph by Dabbs.—[See Page 723.]

THE LATE HENRY SHAW, OF ST. LOUIS.—From a Photograph by Scholten.—[See Page 727.]

FLORVIL GÉLAN HIPPOLYTE, PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

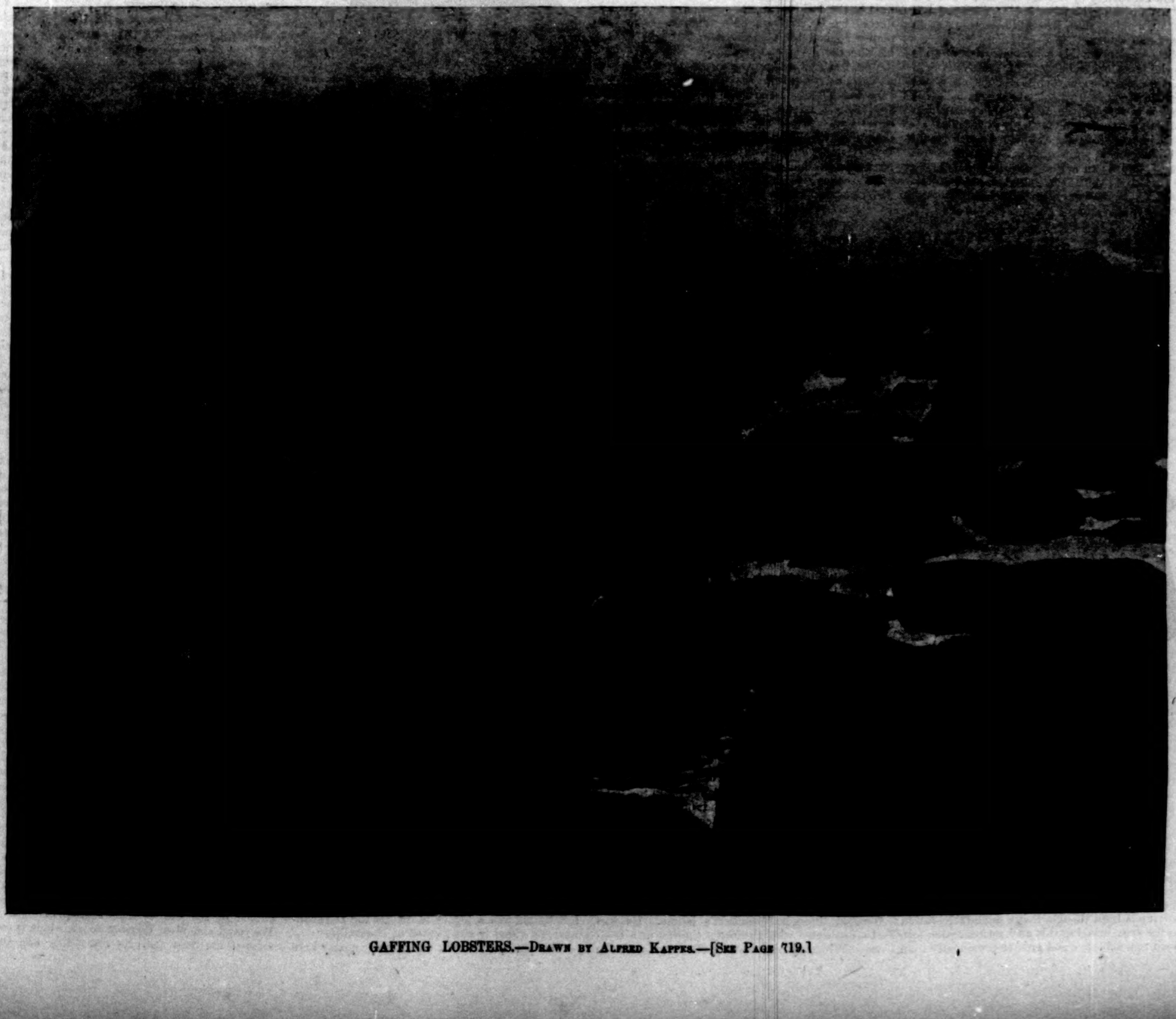
THE DOWNFALL OF LÉGITIME.

The surrender of Port au Prince to General Hippolyte—an event which has been foreseen for some time by those well acquainted with the situation in Hayti—means, of course, the complete overthrow of the Légitime government and the close of the miserable Haytian war, until some new revolt shall take place. The choice of a permanent President may lead to fresh rivalries and disorders. The election to this precarious office is by a House of Deputies, consisting of eighty-four members. An election for these Deputies will probably be ordered at once, if quiet can be meanwhile preserved, and these will meet six weeks after their election to choose a President. Hippolyte's friends have said repeatedly that he would not be a candidate for the Presidency, but Mr. Preston, who has been Minister from Hayti to this country for over twenty years, believes he will be elected.

The exigencies of the precious coffee crop have helped Hippolyte. It has been plain for some time to Légitime's adherents that they would finally have to succumb to Hippolyte and his northern army, or abandon all chance of picking coffee this year. Hippolyte's forces had advanced until the capital was cut off from all communication with the rest of the world except by water, and town after town in the south which had formerly supported Légitime's claim to the Presidency had gone over to the enemy and to coffee culture. In fact, coffee is supreme in Hayti. The interest which the so-called "war" has had for persons in this country was almost entirely confined to the manner in which it affected a small body of shipping merchants, and the first real live interest which we took in it was when the Haytians of the south, under Légitime, began seizing vessels which carried our flag. These vessels were seized because they had violated a paper blockade of the northern ports.

It may be remembered that the war originated in the troubles following the flight of the aged and unpopular President Salomon in August of last year. He left two aspirants for the vacated Presidency—Generals Télémaque and Légitime, the former being the candidate of the northern part of the country, and the latter of the southern. The electioneering canvass was carried on in the true Haytian fashion by rioting and fighting between squads of the supporters of each; and in one of these Télémaque was killed on the night of September 28th. It was claimed that he had been assassinated in the interests of Légitime, and Hippolyte was substituted as candidate for the Presidency on the part of the north. Notwithstanding the withdrawal of the northern Deputies, Légitime got enough together to go through the form of an election, and on December 16th he was inaugurated as President. He had the advantage at first—possessed a revenue, arms, and a tolerable navy for this side of the Atlantic—and he kept the southern cities in line pretty well, though the whole north rose against him under Hippolyte. But from the first, too, he was handicapped by having received a vote of only a minority of the National Assembly for Provisional President, as well as by the belief at the north that he had prepared or countenanced the plot which cost the rival candidate, Télémaque, his life.

Something of Hippolyte's success may doubtless be attributed to the pure negro's well-known dislike of the mulatto. Légitime was not only incapable as a leader, and tricky, unscrupulous, and treacherous as a man, but he was a "colored man"—a mulatto; while Hippolyte is not only a man of considerable ability, energy, and resource, but he is a full-blooded negro, and undoubtedly this fact has enabled him to attract and mass about himself the actual intelligence and effective fighting capacity of the country.



GAFFING LOBSTERS.—Drawn by Alfred Kappes.—[See Page 719.]

THE LOG COLLEGE CELEBRATION.

The Presbyterians, especially of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, including perhaps Maryland, Virginia, and New York, commemorate on Thursday, September the 5th, the founding of the "Log College," so called, by William Tennent, Sen., in 1735, at Neshaminy, or, as it is now designated, Hartsville, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. This will be the rounding up of 163 years since its inception. This time is chosen because of neglect in the past, which it is desired at once to repair, no commemoration having ever been held, and because no other year could have any special significance over this present. Representative clergymen from various quarters; distinguished educators, as ex-President McCosh and President Patton of Princeton; Governors Beaver of Pennsylvania and Green of New Jersey; and the President of the United States, and others, have been invited to be present.

THE LOG COLLEGE.

Hartsville, when the college was founded, was in the wilderness, and still is a somewhat retired place; at least it is not prominent, except for its historical associations, of which it has some of great interest, and for its scenery. It lies on "the old York Road," the highway of travel in an early period between New York city and Philadelphia, and at one of the angles of a triangle formed by it, Philadelphia, and Trenton, about twenty miles from either place, and on the northeast branch of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, operated by the Reading. It has two Presbyterian churches, the first founded in 1710, and the second in 1743. The latter was known as the "New Light," the former taking the designation necessarily of the "Old Side"—divisions and names growing out of the controversy of those times, connected with induction into the ministry, between the Synod of Philadelphia and their northern neighbors, notably the Presbytery of New Brunswick. There is also a flourishing high-school here, established in 1850, making the place still something of an educational centre.

The occasion for this commemoration at all is that the Log College, being the first institution in America under the control of Presbyterians above the grade of common schools, and having had great influence in shaping the early church and educational interests—felt to this day, and doubtless always to be felt—it has been adjudged that it should not be forgotten as a worthy and instructive fact in itself, and as an act of justice to the fathers and posterity. All along, indeed, it has been remembered in some way. In 1805, Elias Boudinot wrote a life of William Tennent, Jun. In 1845, Dr. Archibald Alexander, of Princeton, wrote a history of the Log College, and of its founder, and of some of its graduates. Numerous references to it and them may be found in Sprague's Annals; in Nevins's *Encyclopædia of Presbyterianism;* in the numerous histories of the Presbyterian body in the United States, as Watson's, Hodge's, and Gillett's; Dr. John Maclean's history of the College of New Jersey; and in a late "history of the Neshaminy Presbyterian Church of Hartsville, 1726-1876," prepared by Rev. D. V. Turner. But now it has been thought that a public celebration on the spot, bringing this ancient institution into fresh remembrance and greater prominence than it has received, would be profitable and is required. It shows those of to-day whence they sprang, of which they have no reason to be ashamed, but from which they have much ground to take courage.

REV. WILLIAM TENNENT, SEN.

The Log College was founded because, prior to its existence and the sending forth of graduates from it, the Presbyterian Church in the United States was dependent for an educated ministry upon the old country, chiefly Scotland and Ireland, and upon New England. Those from New England, being Congregational in education and prejudices, were unsatisfactory, and as the Church then could not send their young men abroad to be educated, and as from among themselves it was deemed desirable and preferable every way that their ministers should be raised, this humble beginning was instituted, made by private enterprise and benevolence. The Church, then and now, contended most earnestly for an educated ministry, seldom allowing any other. This for some time was their first and only available resource among themselves. William Tennent, Sen., the leader and sustainer, was an Irishman educated at Trinity College, Dublin, who came over to this country in 1717. In his own home he had been an Episcopalian; but dissatisfied with the forms of his Church and its deadness at that time, he sighed for greater liberty, and was here seeking it. He at once joined the Presbyterians, being received by them at Philadelphia. After preaching in two or three places he finally settled, in 1726, at Hartsville, as pastor of the church that had been formed there sixteen years previous. Here he remained as pastor till within about three years of his death, which occurred in 1745. He had brought with him to his new home in America four sons, whom he wished to educate for the ministry. He began teaching in his own residence, but in 1735, his house being too strait for his purposes, he, with his own means and by the help of his sons, erected on the opposite side of the street the college building. He also took other young men to educate, being their sole teacher, and boarding them. In the early history of our country a way similar to this was common in raising up for other denominations an educated ministry. Pastors would receive in their own families candidates, whom they instructed in theology, homiletics, and pastoral work. There was a noted one among the Baptists at Philadelphia in the early part of the present century, conducted by Dr. William Staughton, an Englishman who had been educated at Bristol. This became the germ of Columbian College, Washington, D. C. Another was established at Hopewell, New Jersey, in the middle of the last century, which became the germ of Brown University, Rhode Island. In the former of these schools was raised up Dr. Howard Malcom, at one time President of Lewisburg University, Pennsylvania, and in the latter Dr. James Manning, first President of Brown.

The college building, constructed of logs by Mr. Tennent and his sons, was twenty feet long by eighteen wide. Whitefield, after he visited Mr. Tennent in 1739, when he preached in the open air, in the graveyard, to an audience of 3000 people, who had come together from far and near to hear him, described it in his journal, published the same year by Benjamin Franklin, as "the meanest building ever erected for such a purpose," and further said that "it reminded him of what might have been the schools of the prophets hinted at in the Old Testament." This edifice, which might well have been preserved by the Presbyterians as a shrine of pilgrimage to compare with their numerous and stately college buildings of to-day all over the land, has long since been taken down, and its logs have rotted or been otherwise consumed. One small remnant, and only one, is now known to be extant. Rev. Robert B. Bellville, one of the pastors of the Neshaminy Church at Hartsville, before the logs were entirely gone, in the early part of the present century, rescued one, and from it made a cane, which he presented to Rev. Samuel Miller, D.D., LL.D., an early professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, to be preserved, in connection with that institution, as a relic. No cut of the college is extant, or can now be found, though diligent search has been made. Its exact site, however, is known, and on it, or in close proximity, it has been proposed to erect a monument which shall tell to the generations to come what their fathers did.

The college was in active operation about twenty years, or until shortly after the founding of the College of New Jersey at Princeton, when it was allowed to lapse, and its supporters thenceforward gave their influence to this new interest. No record has been transmitted to us of the names or number of its graduates. In 1739, we know, on the testimony of Whitefield, that eight had gone forth. The importance and value of its work is not to be estimated, however, so much by the mere number of men it sent into the ministry as by the character and doings of those who did go forth. These were excellent. Mr. Tennent's four sons left their impress wherever they labored; especially Gilbert and William junior. John and Charles died young, and were less distinguished. Gilbert became pastor of a church in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and of the Second Church, Philadelphia, which had been founded through Whitefield's labors. He was also connected with Princeton College as a trustee. William junior was also connected with the college as President *pro tem.*, and was pastor of a church in Monmouth County, New Jersey, for nearly half a century. It became afterward a part of the site of the battle of Monmouth. For 150 years it was called the Freehold Church. It stands near the town of that name. Latterly it has been known as the Tennent Church. The present edifice was erected in 1750. Noted in Mr. Tennent's history is his trance and some remarkable dreams. Samuel and John Blair, both graduates, did important service in connection with the Church and the cause of education. Samuel taught a school at Londonderry, or, as it is also called, Fagg's Manor. In this school two presidents of Princeton College received their early education—Samuel Davies and Samuel Finley. Both the Blairs were prominent in connection with Princeton. Another school was established at Nottingham, Maryland, of which Mr. Finley was for some time the teacher. It has often been asserted that the College of New Jersey was the product of the Log College. Dr. John Maclean, in his history of the former institution, denies this. The Log College was not given up until its rival had made considerable progress. The graduates and friends, however, of the earlier institution became chief friends and supporters of Princeton as presidents, professors, and collectors of funds. The Log College had grown largely out of revival and evangelistic feelings. Later a desire sprang up for a more scientific training of ministers than it was capable of imparting. The Philadelphia Synod, which held a place then similar to what the General Assembly now does, favored the schools in their own neighborhood, and proposed to build up and enlarge them. The New York Synod, and especially the Presbytery of New Brunswick, which became prominent in the case, could not or would not join them. These things gave rise to the establishment of the College of New Jersey, first at Elizabeth, then at Newark, and finally at Princeton. Its object still was to educate young men for the ministry, as was done in the Log College, but to give, as was coming to be desired, a wider range of instruction than had been imparted therein. Hebrew and divinity formed for many years a part of its curriculum. One other of the most noted of the graduates of the Log College was John Rodgers, pastor of the First Church, New York, and first Moderator of the General Assembly. Another was John Rowland. He resembled very nearly a notoriously bad character of the times named Bell. So close was the resemblance that Bell personated Rowland and stole a horse, for which Rowland was prosecuted, and narrowly escaped conviction. It was a remarkable case of mistaken identity. William Tennent, Jun., got into considerable trouble in connection with the case, having been indicted and brought to trial for perjury in swearing to an alibi for Rowland. He was only saved through a dream of other and distant parties, who brought him other needed testimony of an alibi.

REV. WILLIAM TENNENT, JUN.

The universal declaration is that the Log College, through its graduates and the spirit it fostered, was a powerful factor in shaping the polity, devotion to the higher education, and the religious spirit of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. Says Richard Webster, one of her historians, "To Tennent, above all others, is owing the prosperity and enlargement of the Presbyterian Church." And Dr. Archibald Alexander says, "The Log College was of remarkable importance to the Presbyterian Church." So great was the prestige and reverence for its site that, when the founding by the General Assembly of a distinctively theological seminary was agitated, Hartsville was one of the three places considered as a location. Its founder and all its graduates had long been dead, but many leaned still toward this spot. Rev. Nathaniel Irwin, a graduate of Princeton, founder (in connection with James Madison, afterward President of the United States) of Whig Hall, one of Princeton's literary societies, left by his will a legacy of $1000 for the seminary, provided it was located at Hartsville.

This place, it may not be out of propriety here to note, is not only the site of the beginnings instituted for the education of the ministry of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, but also of the first inception of the steam-boat. John Fitch, while resident here, walking along the road one Sunday, began to ponder the propulsion of vehicles by other than horse-power, and quicker; occasioned by a party having rapidly passed him. He soon settled upon steam as the motor. In applying it to land carriages he was baffled. So he applied it to boats on the water. He prosecuted his idea with energy. Nathaniel B. Boileau, a Princeton student, helped him to construct a small model, the machinery of which was brass, with wooden paddles, which, being finished, was tested on a small stream in their vicinity, in Bucks County. This was in 1785. Fitch finally succeeded in putting a passenger boat on the Delaware, which ran between Philadelphia and Burlington, making about six miles an hour. Franklin and Washington encouraged him with their sympathies and influence. But Congress, the Spanish government, to which he applied, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, all refused him the material assistance he needed. But Rev. Nathaniel Irwin, of Hartsville, helped him financially, and a company was formed to carry out the invention. In 1788, two States, Delaware and New York, granted exclusive rights for the invention in the waters under their control for fourteen years. But the projector was poor, found few friends to aid him, and was often obliged to turn to other pursuits. He had gone to Kentucky to look after a landed interest. Here his health failed him, and at Bardstown, in that State, he committed suicide. This was in 1798. While he did not realize what the steam-boat has since in other hands become, his is the proud distinction of having been its projector, and of putting it into successful operation. Until lately he has had no monument. Still only a rough bowlder, without an inscription, is his, simply marking the spot where his mortal remains lie. The ocean steamer of to-day has eclipsed the modest craft of the Delaware, as Princeton and other institutions have eclipsed the Log College, but the germs of both were in these early attempts.

THE BALTIMORE OF TO-DAY.

A Western humorist once referred to Baltimore as "that point between New York and Washington where they hitch on the dining car." When the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad announced its project of an extension to Philadelphia and New York, a great cry arose that it would make Baltimore a way-station. Not long ago a well-known clergyman prayed that his congregation might have an ambition above being considered the best fish-market in the world; and an "overgrown town" is an epithet which the croakers very often apply to the city.

In answer to all this, it can be stated that Baltimore is holding her own as one of the great American cities. She may be a little slow in some respects, but her development is solid and continuous. The Baltimore of 1880 was a city of 332,313 population, with an area of fourteen and a half square miles; the Baltimore of to-day is a city of fully half a million population, with a territory of thirty-one square miles. This enlargement in area was achieved through the annexation of what a local wit calls the "Superbs." The increase in population was the result of steady accessions and a low mortality.

Baltimore has been trying to celebrate her new self for several years. Her sesquicentennial observance made her a little proud, and she has been anxious to duplicate its success. She caught the exposition fever, and various plans were suggested for a big show of national attractiveness. Out of the different efforts, and chiefly through the personal energy of Postmaster Frank Brown, came the Exposition which will be held during the week beginning September 9th, and which will include a celebration of the battle of North Point, a reproduction of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and the dedication of the new Post-office and United States Court-house Building, that faces the Battle Monument, erected in honor of the heroes who repulsed the British in 1814, and gave Francis Scott Key the inspiration for his famous lyric.

One of the most genial of our philosophers has said that "all generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called 'facts.'" Statistics, however, sometimes have a forcible way of showing the truth. For instance, what better proof of progress could Baltimore want than the fact that she stood at the head of all American cities last year in the proportionate number of new buildings erected, St. Louis being the only city that equalled her? or the fact that there has been an unprecedented increase in her hundred and odd industries, that are producing every imaginable article, from a mustard-seed shot to a steam-engine or a man-of-war? Look at her commerce. She has the finest coasting trade of any city in America. Twenty-six lines, with many of the handsomest and stanchest steamers along the coast, do a trade aggregating millions a year. Twenty steam-ship lines ply between this port and foreign countries, and several regular fleets of fine brigantines carry flour to Brazil and bring back coffee. She is the nearest seaport to the West, and with terminal facilities that are unexcelled, with elevators of five million bushels capacity, and with the honesty of her grain inspections, acknowledged in this country and in Europe, nothing but the evasion by her rivals of her honest differential in freight rates can keep her out of a large bulk of the grain trade. The canning industry in this State is the largest anywhere, and nearly thirty millions of dollars are invested in it. The Baltimore canned oyster is a citizen of the world. The bituminous coal of Maryland and West Virginia mines, which is considered the best fuel for steam-ship use, goes

through Baltimore. In 1775 the *Virginia*, the first frigate for the Continental navy, was built on Fell's Point, Baltimore. Just across the river the *Petrel*, the latest addition to our new navy, has just been completed. The ship-building interests along the Patapsco are recovering their old-time prosperity. The same can be said of sugar refining, which was formerly a great industry here, and which is now being revived by the construction of a refinery in which one million dollars are invested. These are a few only of the many industries. In a domestic way Baltimore's business operations ramify all the Southern and most of the Western States, and extend into the Southern half of Pennsylvania. Ten railroads reach the city. The travel of seven Southern States has Baltimore for its first Northern market. Manufacturing plant is exempt from taxation, and a water supply with a capacity of four hundred million gallons, in addition to abundantly providing the people, gives excellent facilities for small industries. The manufacturing growth of the city is really surprising. In the last ten years many enterprises have doubled, and a few have quadrupled.

The city is surface drained, and as its topography is hilly, Jupiter Pluvius is a most efficient agent of cleanliness. Like every other city, Baltimore claims the most beautiful parks in the country, and its claim is substantial, although not beyond dispute. It certainly has some of the finest avenues, and much is being done to improve them. Baltimore vies with London in being the healthiest city in the world. For the quarter of thirteen weeks ending June, 1889 (I quote from the official English compilation, being the latest statistics accessible), London's death rate was 16 per thousand; Baltimore's was 16.3. These cities were the lowest two in the list. Baltimore's would be much less were it not for the population of seventy-seven thousand colored people, among whom the death rate is over fifteen per cent. greater than it is among the whites. There is an interesting fact in the city's health experience. Four years ago a sanitary plumbing law was passed. Previous to that time the average rate of deaths from scarlet-fever annually for fifty-four years had been two hundred and twenty-six; since then it has dropped to fifty-seven. The average rate of death from diphtheria had been seven hundred and twenty; last year it was only one hundred and eighteen.

A decided change is taking place in the city's architecture. The business men are celebrating their success in brick and stone. The buildings given in this issue of the Weekly are examples of what has been done and what is being done. Prominent among the new structures are the Johns Hopkins Hospital (which was fully illustrated in this journal on September 8, 1888), the Pennsylvania Railroad's Union Station, the new City Hospital, the Women's College, some twenty churches, the Pratt Free Library, the new buildings of the Johns Hopkins University, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad's Central Building, several new hotels, numerous schools, many pretentious and elaborate business houses, and several hundred fine residences. No city has profited more largely from private munificence. The fifty charitable institutions and twenty-three hospitals are all comfortably housed and well supported. In regard to the public buildings, there is a City Hall that has the unique distinction of having been completed within the original appropriation; a part of which was returned to the treasury. The new Post-office and new United States Court building is on Monument Square, facing the Battle Monument—an admirable location. The old structure, which is given in the illustration, is a log-house modernized with weather-boarding. It was a post-house long before the Revolution, and there letters were received and forwarded years before the postal system was invented. Baltimore has numerous clubs, chief among which are the Maryland, the University (a new organization of great strength), the Baltimore, the Athenæum, the Merchants, the Journalists, and a long list of political clubs, which have become elements in State and city affairs. The club is more a factor of social life than it ever was, although not to the extent that it is in some other cities. The daily newspapers have not erected buildings recently, for the reason that they all own fine homes, which indicates their large and deserved prosperity. In addition to the daily journalism, there is a weekly press of decided excellence.

There are three evils that Baltimore is trying slowly and somewhat spasmodically to reform. First, the ground-rent system, which impedes substantial growth and encourages the building of bad houses on speculation. Second, its slow street railways, which, however, are soon to be improved by cable roads. The third and most serious is the curse of saloons. There are three thousand of them in the city, and there are no restrictions on keeping open all night. The license is only fifty dollars, and the consequence is a large number of low groggeries that manufacture crime and breed criminals. A high-license movement, undertaken by the best and solidest men of the city, is now in active operation; and one of the probabilities of the next Legislature is a measure founded on the Brooks Law of Pennsylvania. A restrictive regulation of the liquor evil will undoubtedly enable Baltimore to improve upon its claim of being the most moral city in the country by attaining a still higher degree of virtue. In politics the city is Democratic, but the majority is diminishing, and the independent vote is gaining. Regarding the municipal administration, it is the same old story of large cities: the people make all sorts of charges against the officers during a campaign, and then congratulate them when they are elected.

A strict regard to accuracy would probably transfer the title of "The Monumental City" to Washington, although Baltimore still boasts that she erected the first and the handsomest monument to Washington; but as a recompense for this loss, "The City of Churches" would undoubtedly leave Brooklyn, and take its place along the Patapsco, where over three hundred sacred edifices bless and beautify the place. It seems to be the rule in Baltimore that when there is a fine site unimproved, the best use of it is to embellish it with a new church. The Methodist Episcopal Church was organized here with a meeting-house over one hundred years ago, and to-day the Church in Baltimore owns millions of dollars worth of property, and shows a very lively progress. The finest Methodist church in America is that which is illustrated on another page to-day. The Catholic Church is a power in the city, which, from the residence of the Cardinal, is looked upon as the American capital of Catholicism. The Presbyterians are numerically strong, and their charities have done much for Baltimore. The Episcopalians wield a large social influence, and own many handsome churches. The Baptists are strong in numbers, and the various other denominations are enjoying substantial growth. The Baltimore pulpit is able and earnest, rather than brilliant. Intellectually, the change in Baltimore during the past ten or twenty years has been great. The admirable equipment of reading facilities has contributed very largely to this end. The Peabody is one of the best libraries for investigation and reference in America. Then there is the Enoch Pratt Free Library, an institution with an income of $50,000 per annum, founded and inaugurated by one of the best-known bankers, who gave to that purpose $1,145,833 33, and who personally conducted the carrying out of his plans. The institution is entirely free. It consists of a handsome and commodious central building, with five branches in different sections of the city, and it distributes nearly 50,000 books per month among all classes of people. It has become a large factor of education, and no one enjoys the good that it is doing more than its founder. There are numerous other libraries, all of which are accessible, and the old-time saying about Southern people not being readers is becoming as obsolete as Sydney Smith's question, "Who reads an American book?" Undoubtedly the greatest intellectual force in the city is the Johns Hopkins University. In the fifteen years of its existence it has done a vast amount of good locally, in addition to achieving the reputation of being in Europe the best-known American institution for original scientific work. Its professors and students participate in the social life, and take an active interest in general public movements. There are many fine schools and colleges of more modest pretensions that attract students from all parts of the country. The public-school system is efficient, and is officered by intelligent, industrious teachers, but their work is hampered by a political school board. A reform in this matter contemplates a reduction in the board from twenty-two to a non-partisan commission of seven or nine, two of whom shall be women. One of the most extraordinary successes of the present system is the Industrial School, and the results of its practical work are an annual surprise to the public. In art the city is well equipped. The celebrated gallery of Mr. William T. Walters contributes largely to general culture. In a practical way the Charcoal Club has done and is doing a valuable work among the young artists. Baltimore is fond of entertainment and recreation. All the out-door sports prosper. The city has furnished more actors and actresses to the stage than any place in America, and it is needless to say that good performances at the theatres are always well patronized. There are many music concerts, which are largely attended. The Baltimore audience is critical until pleased, and then enthusiastic.

If you chance on a Baltimore street-car you will be surprised at the number of salutations that are exchanged among the passengers. If you walk up and down the main thoroughfares you will notice how frequently people bow to one another. Everybody seems to know nearly everybody else. Baltimore is acquainted with itself. It is eminently social. It has had that reputation for a hundred and fifty odd years, and it is as much of a pleasant fact to-day as it ever was. No place is more domestic. It is the pride of the city that its people live cheaper, better, and happier than those of any place in the world. Its markets are limitless in variety and excellence. The city's gastronomic fame is not an exclusive product of the clubs and hotels. It flourishes best in the home. There the colored cooks, whose lives have been spent in the kitchen, and whose skill has been entirely devoted to the culinary traditions of generations of good living, produce dishes that charm and nourish. Good eating must have its influence on the mental and moral condition of the city. Not that Baltimoreans

> "in one great point combine
> The business of their lives, that is—to dine."

Far from it. They are as active and as enterprising in general effort as other people, but the virtue of good cooking they enjoy and profit by. For instance, there are fewer divorces than in any other American city. Is not the fact an undoubted tribute to the home life? And, by-the-way, the home in Baltimore is a house. The flat was introduced here, but it has not multiplied. The average Baltimorean wants a yard in which to plant his own vine and fig-tree, and he is not happy until he gets it.

I do not suppose that any one will try to dispute the beauty of the Baltimore girl. If you ask the gray-haired mesdames if it is as abundant now as in days gone by, they will tell you that there are fewer great beauties, but more pretty girls. If you ask the old beaux, they will reply that Heaven only knows where all the pretty girls come from, and they will add that they seem to be growing lovelier and more numerous every season. It is rather difficult to describe the type. She is neither a decided blonde nor a decided brunette. She combines the charms of both, and defies analysis. She is more intellectual than she used to be, and she takes a more active interest in things practical. She plays tennis well, dances gracefully, walks a great deal, rides occasionally, and drives often. She is a bright talker, and a conscientious church-goer. In works of charity she is a very busy angel, and in the changing phases of social life she is a very charming woman—bright, clever, diplomatic, and successful.

Comfort rather than luxury seems to be the key-note of Baltimore life. The society is sometimes exclusive, but generally hospitable and democratic. It entertains a great deal, but not lavishly. Visitors will not find the rush of New York or Chicago, but they will meet a pleasant people, who do a large business in a conservative way, who play an important part in the affairs of their country, and who live well and happily under the belief that there are some things in life that are larger than even the circumference of the almighty dollar.

LYNN R. MEEKINS.

GAFFING LOBSTERS.

The usual method of taking lobsters is by means of the pot. The pot is a trap baited with fish, and which is sunk to a certain depth. These traps are marked with buoys, left for a tide, and then the lobsterer goes out in his boat, hauls up his trap, and secures his lobsters. At times, however, off the coast of Maine there are estuaries, which are of great length, running between the ledges of rock. Pools are many and of considerable depth. When lobsters are plentiful, at certain seasons, they run in from the sea, and seek these estuaries for food, small fish being abundant. As the tide recedes, the lobsters remain in some of the rocky basins, and can be gaffed. The gaff has a stout hickory stock, and the gaff itself is generally three-pronged, and made out of the best steel. A good gaff is rarely bought ready-made, but is turned out by the village blacksmith. Its temper must be excellent, as it must neither be too soft nor brittle. To use the gaff requires no small amount of skill, for in the water the movements of the lobster are rapid. He can back or turn in the fraction of a second, and then in color he assimilates to the shade of sea-water. Many of the largest lobsters are taken in this way, but are not brought to a market, because gaffing a lobster generally kills it, and a dead lobster is not marketable.

DRIVING ON THE BEACH.

The world moves; the old order changes. How astonished even our own grandmothers would have been to see two young ladies jauntly perched upon the high seat of a vehicle called a "dog-cart," one of them handling the whip and reins and managing her spirited steeds with all the ease and dexterity of an accomplished charioteer! How shocked they would have been! and how determined that under no possible circumstances should their own well-bred and well-behaved daughters be allowed to associate with persons capable of such a wide departure from all the established proprieties.

But why should they object to seeing one of their own sex handle the reins gracefully and "conducting the horses," as the French put it, along crowded boulevards and amid that fanciful, picturesque crowd of equipages and men and women that gathers along the roadways of our parks and on the esplanades of our popular watering-places?

The world is beginning to learn the very simple secret that it is right and proper for a woman to do that which she can do gracefully and well, provided the thing itself is right and proper. It is all very well for England's poet laureate to tell us that "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse." Whatever that diversity may be, she is like Shakespeare's Jew, "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed by the same summer and winter" as her brother man, who finds his greatest pleasure and adds the greatest amount to his well-being by the cultivation of simple out-door pleasures, his companionship and friendship with animals, and his knowledge how to associate with and draw the best out of these faithful comrades and servants. Everything that leads girls and women to find enjoyment and satisfaction in out-door amusements is a step in the right direction. We want healthy and hardy mothers for our coming statesmen and leaders of the race, and the way to procure them is to give our girls and women a taste for out-door pleasures, a knowledge how to control and rule over brute creation, and the firm nerves and power of endurance that is so entirely dependent upon physical health.

There is no reason why driving should not be made one of those feminine accomplishments that parents are proud and glad to see their children possess. What can be more appropriate than that the delicate and sensitive nerves of a horse's mouth, whereby he is controlled, should be acted upon by the gentle and tender hand of a woman? No one ventures to suggest that the tremendous strength and physical energy of a horse is controlled by the slight leathern harness about him; it is all a question of the nervous dread of some superior power, the yielding to a force that he is all too blind and dumb to estimate, but to which he yields obedience as it is intelligently and sympathetically exerted.

We are all familiar with the stories told and the descriptions given of feminine driving by the nobler sex, who are accustomed to explain that nothing would induce them to let a woman draw a rein over a valuable horse. A great deal of it is very true. The constant twitching and shaking of the lines, the urging by voice and whip, the racing up-hill and down, the shrieks of alarm at any slightly unusual movement, all calculated to drive a nervous horse to distraction, and render him forever distrustful of his driver, are certainly characteristic of women drivers. But there is no reason why it should be so. It is an accomplishment that can be learned, and for which women are as well fitted as men. The subtle understanding that should exist between steed and driver, the telegraphy between the delicate nerves of the former's jaw and the latter's wrist, the perfect harmony that should obtain between the wisdom of the one and the strength of the other to obtain their common end, is as possible with a woman in the driver's seat as a man. The exertion of fierce, commanding strength may be occasionally required when some great emergency occurs; but these are not usual, and it is very rare that a well-broken horse ever requires any such exhibition.

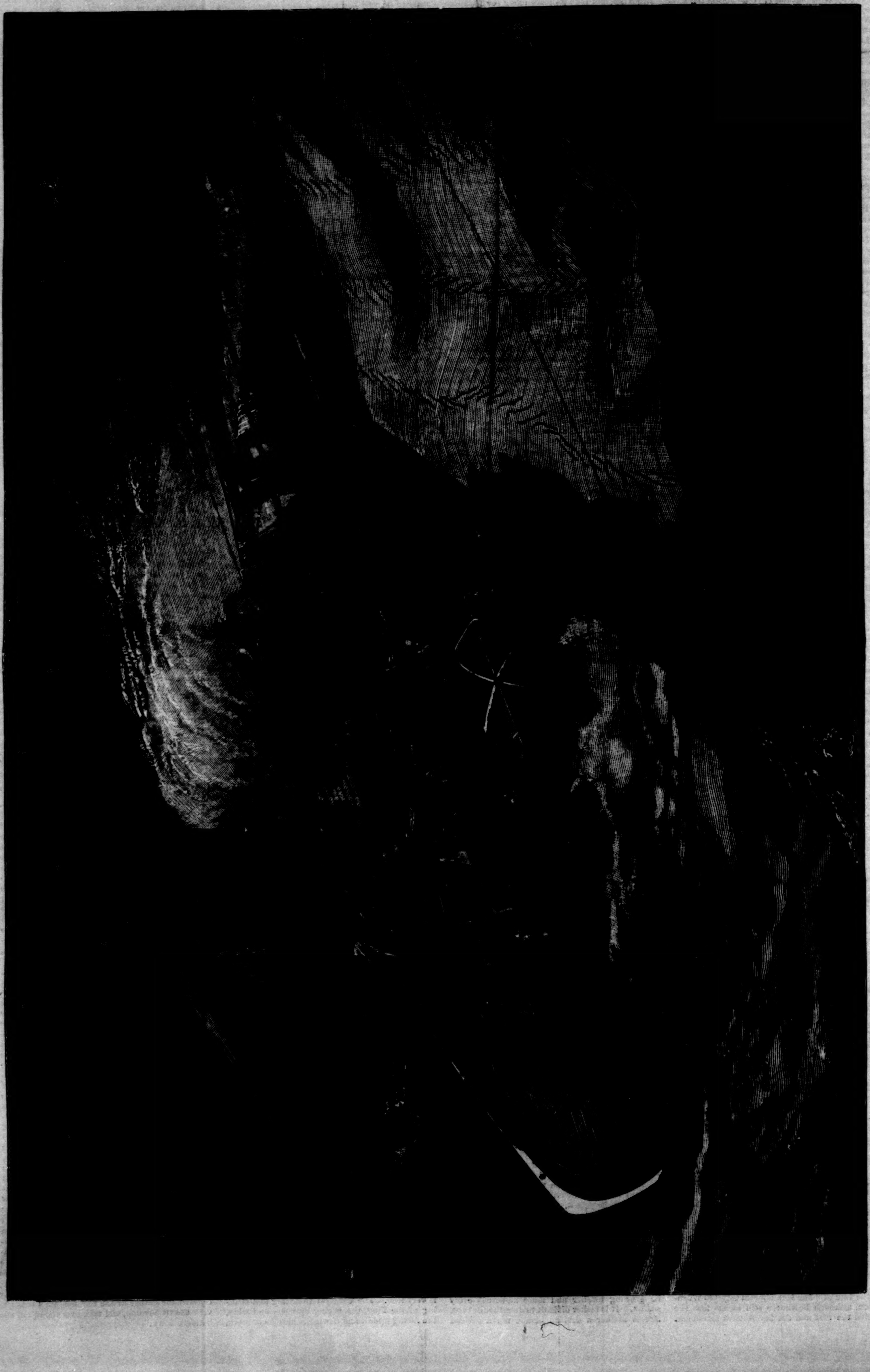
There is one point, however, upon which our lady charioteers need to be frequently and earnestly expostulated with; that is, the terrible bearing rein, which adding though it does so much to the elegant and spirited appearance of the horse, is nevertheless an instrument of torture which no feeling woman could impose upon her faithful four-footed servants could she realize its power. Edward Flower, the Englishman whose efforts in behalf of his equine friends won him the title "Missionary to Horses," says: "Ladies are accused of liking to see horses with their heads stuck up in the air and their legs prancing. Do, ladies, look at your horses' mouths. Do not mind what your coachman says about the necessity of the barbarous atrocity of gag bearing reins and sharp bits, and the irritating use of the whip." It is to be feared that our fair driver, whose counterfeit presentment on our front page furnished the subject for this little article, is not quite guiltless in regard to the "barbarous atrocity of the gag bearing reins." At the same time we have too much confidence in our American women not to feel that this or any other custom that entails suffering upon any of God's creatures will not be quickly done away with when once their attention has been fully called to it.

CORINTHIAN YACHTING.

Few of those who view a yacht race in our Eastern waters from the deck of an easy-going side-wheeler or luxurious steam-yacht, have any idea of the amount of hard work involved in safely and properly sailing a yacht either with a professional crew or Corinthians, as amateur sailors are called afloat. The onlooker hears the gun fire as a signal to start; the clouds of canvas and confusion of spars and hulls above the starting-point disentangles itself, and sweeps over the line in an eager but orderly procession. Club-topsails, spinnakers, balloon-jibs, stay-sails, and baby jib-topsails—in fact, all those queer-shaped wind-grasping pieces of duck mount skyward to their proper places on stay or spar, the masts bend over, the wire rigging hums, and the yachts outpace the accompanying steamers. The spectator remarks the beauty of the changing marine picture, and the ease and smoothness with which it is all done. But set him aboard one of those flyers as she speeds around the first buoy and squares away for the Hook. The decks seem a confusion of spare booms and coils of rope. A dozen of the crew huddle to windward close up to the rail, the helmsman watches the quiver of the sail aloft, and fills it with but the slightest touch of the wheel as the yacht slips along smoothly, and everything goes well.

But mark the steel gray of the sky to windward, and that dark indigo streak on the water under it. It is a wind squall coming swiftly, and preparation must be made to meet it. All the fleet wakes up now, and amid the tramp of feet and shouting of orders those lofty kites come fluttering down, and smaller and stronger storm canvas takes their place. No time now for the nimble crews to snug things up on deck, for the squall is here. Spray flies from the green seas; the mainsail fills; the yacht heels over more; the wind howls through the rigging, in which each individual rope is contributing its own note to the general monotone. The crew cling to the windward rail as the lee rail dips deeper in the wash, and everything is doing well.

Now the second mark looms up dead ahead, and the straining racers make for it like a flock of frightened birds. They crowd around it together. Some go by safely, others cannot, and are forced into making another tack, while one unfortunate fouls the buoy, and is out of the race altogether. In the midst of the critical manœuvre the squall sweeps down afresh with a howl as of delight. Mainsails are pressed to the waves, topmasts snap off short, bobstays give way, or perchance a mast goes over the side bodily with all its sails and hamper. Sheets of spray dash inboard, blinding the men, who are scrambling about to execute some order, perhaps half heard in the uproar, or entirely misunderstood. Two of them go sliding down the sloping deck grasping at each other, or anything that will prevent their going into the water; another, more unlucky, lands, together with a mess of cordage, between the companion-way and skylight, and is bruised a little. The steersman cannot right his craft quickly in the confusion, and loses his temper somewhat at such "lubberly work." A few sharp expressions of opinion are passed among the hot-headed ones, which the others greet with good-natured laughter. As no bones have been broken, the jib-sheets are soon loosed, the main-boom sheeted in, and the ruffled tempers smoothed out as the sails fill with a steadier gale and the coming out of the sun. The crippled boats have come to anchor, or been taken in tow by tugs; and when the race is finished, the tired but jolly Corinthians gather in the Commodore's cabin to view the trophy cup, and talk over the squall and "knock down."



CORINTHIAN YACHTING—A MISUNDERSTANDING OF ORDERS.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 719.]

THE NEW FIELD ARTILLERY FOR THE ARMY.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FOURTH.

VI.

So far as the Dryfoos family was concerned, the dinner might as well have been given at Frescobaldi's rooms. None of the ladies appeared. Mrs. Dryfoos was glad to escape to her own chamber, where she sat before an autumnal fire, shaking her head and talking to herself at times, with the foreboding of evil which old women like her make part of their religion. The girls stood just out of sight at the head of the stairs, and disputed which guest it was at each arrival; Mrs. Mandel had gone to her room to write letters, after beseeching them not to stand there. When Kendricks came, Christine gave Mela a little pinch, equivalent to a little mocking shriek; for, on the ground of his long talk with Mela at Mrs. Horn's, in the absence of any other admirer, they based a superstition of his interest in her; when Beaton came, Mela returned the pinch, but awkwardly, so that it hurt, and then Christine involuntarily struck her.

Frescobaldi's men were in possession everywhere: they had turned the cook out of her kitchen and the waitress out of her pantry; the reluctant Irishman at the door was supplemented by a vivid Italian, who spoke French with the guests, and said "*Bien, monsieur*," and "*Toute suite*," and "*Merci!*" to all, as he took their hats and coats, and effused a hospitality that needed no language but the gleam of his eyes and teeth and the play of his eloquent hands. From his professional dress-coat, lustrous with the grease spotted on it at former dinners and parties, they passed to the frocks of the elder and younger Dryfoos in the drawing-room, which assumed informality for the affair, but did not put their wearers wholly at their ease. The father's coat was of black broadcloth, and he wore it unbuttoned; the skirts were long, and the sleeves came down to his knuckles; he shook hands with his guests, and the same dryness seemed to be in his palm and throat, as he huskily asked each to take a chair. Conrad's coat was of modern texture and cut, and was buttoned about him as if it concealed a bad conscience within its lapels; he met March with his entreating smile, and he seemed no more capable of coping with the situation than his father. They both waited for Fulkerson, who went about and did his best to keep life in the party during the half-hour that passed before they sat down at dinner. Beaton stood gloomily aloof, as if waiting to be approached on the right basis before yielding an inch of his ground; Colonel Woodburn, awaiting the moment when he could sally out on his hobby, kept himself intrenched within the dignity of a gentleman, and examined askance the figure of old Lindau as he stared about the room, with his fine head up, and his empty sleeve dangling over his wrist. March felt obliged to him for wearing a new coat in the midst of that hostile luxury, and he was glad to see Dryfoos make up to him and begin to talk with him, as if he wished to show him particular respect, though it might have been because he was less afraid of him than of the others. He heard Lindau saying, "Boat, the name is Choarman?" and Dryfoos beginning to explain his Pennsylvania Dutch origin, and he suffered himself, with a sigh of relief, to fall into talk with Kendricks, who was always pleasant; he was willing to talk about something besides himself, and had no opinions that he was not ready to hold in abeyance for the time being out of kindness to others. In that group of impassioned individualities, March felt him a refuge and comfort—with his harmless dilettante intention of some day writing a novel, and his belief that he was meantime collecting material for it.

Fulkerson, while breaking the ice for the whole company, was mainly engaged in keeping Colonel Woodburn thawed out. He took Kendricks away from March and presented him to the Colonel as a person who, like himself, was looking into social conditions; he put one hand on Kendricks's shoulder, and one on the Colonel's, and made some flattering joke, apparently at the expense of the young fellow, and then left them. March heard Kendricks protest in vain, and the Colonel say, gravely: "I do not wonder, sir, that these things interest you. They constitute a problem which society must solve or which will dissolve society," and he knew from that formula, which the Colonel had once used with him, that he was laying out a road for the exhibition of the hobby's paces later.

Fulkerson came back to March, who had turned toward Conrad Dryfoos, and said, "If we don't get this thing going pretty soon, it 'll be the death of me," and just then Frescobaldi's butler came in and announced to Dryfoos that dinner was served. The old man looked toward Fulkerson with a troubled glance, as if he did not know what to do; he made a gesture to touch Lindau's elbow. Fulkerson called out, "*Here's* Colonel Woodburn, Mr. Dryfoos," as if Dryfoos were looking for him; and he set the example of what he was to do by taking Lindau's arm himself. "Mr. Lindau is going to sit at my end of the table, alongside of March. Stand not upon the order of your going, gentlemen, but fall in at once." He contrived to get Dryfoos and the Colonel before him, and he let March follow with Kendricks. Conrad came last with Beaton, who had been turning over the music at the piano, and chafing inwardly at the whole affair. At the table Colonel Woodburn was placed on Dryfoos's right, and March on his left. March sat on Fulkerson's right, with Lindau next him; and the young men occupied the other seats.

"Put you next to March, Mr. Lindau," said Fulkerson, "so you can begin to put Apollinaris in his champagne glass at the right moment; you know his little weakness of old; sorry to say it's grown on him."

March laughed with kindly acquiescence in Fulkerson's wish to start the gayety, and Lindau patted him on the shoulder. "I know hiss veakness. If he liges a class of vine, it iss pegause his loaf inglades efen hiss enemy, as Shakespeare galled it."

"Ah, but Shakespeare couldn't have been thinking of champagne," said Kendricks.

"I suppose, sir," Colonel Woodburn interposed, with lofty courtesy, "champagne could hardly have been known in his day."

"I suppose not, Colonel," returned the younger man, deferentially. "He seemed to think that sack and sugar might be a fault; but he didn't mention champagne."

"Perhaps he felt there was no question about that," suggested Beaton, who then felt that he had not done himself justice in the sally.

"I wonder just when champagne did come in," said March.

"I know when it ought to come in," said Fulkerson. "Before the soup!"

They all laughed, and gave themselves the air of drinking champagne out of tumblers every day, as men like to do. Dryfoos listened uneasily; he did not quite understand the allusions, though he knew what Shakespeare was, well enough; Conrad's face expressed a gentle deprecation of joking on such a subject, but he said nothing.

The talk ran on briskly through the dinner. The young men tossed the ball back and forth; they made some wild shots, but they kept it going, and they laughed when they were hit. The wine loosed Colonel Woodburn's tongue; he became very companionable with the young fellows; with the feeling that a literary dinner ought to have a didactic scope, he praised Scott and Addison as the only authors fit to form the minds of gentlemen.

Kendricks agreed with him, but wished to add the name of Flaubert as a master of style. "Style, you know," he added, "is the man."

"Very true, sir; you are quite right, sir," the Colonel assented; he wondered who Flaubert was.

Beaton praised Baudelaire and Maupassant; he said these were the masters. He recited some lurid verses from Baudelaire; Lindau pronounced them a disgrace to human nature, and gave a passage from Victor Hugo on Louis Napoleon, with his heavy German accent, and then he quoted Schiller. "Ach, boat that iss peaudifool! Not zo?" he demanded of March.

"Yes, beautiful; but, of course, you know I think there's nobody like Heine!"

Lindau threw back his great old head and laughed, showing a want of teeth under his mustache. He put his hand on March's back. "This poy—he wass a poy den—wass so gracy to pekin reading Heine that he gommence with the tictionary bevore he knows any crammar, and ve bick it out vort by vort togeder."

"He was a pretty cay poy in those days, heigh, Lindau?" asked Fulkerson, burlesquing the old man's accent, with an impudent wink that made Lindau himself laugh. "Back in the dark ages, I mean, there in Indianapolis. Just how long ago did you old codgers meet there, anyway?" Fulkerson saw the restiveness in Dryfoos's eye at the purely literary course the talk had taken; he had intended it to lead up that way to business, to *Every Other Week*; but he saw that it was leaving Dryfoos too far out, and he wished to get it on the personal ground, where everybody is at home.

"Ledt me zee," mused Lindau. "Wass it in fifty-nine or zixty, Passil? Idt wass a year or dwo pefore the war proke oudt, anyway."

"Those were exciting times," said Dryfoos, making his first entry into the general talk. "I went down to Indianapolis with the first company from our place, and I saw the red shirts pouring in everywhere. They had a song—

'Oh, never mind the weather, but git over
double trouble,
For we're bound for the land of Canaan.'

The fellows locked arms and went singin' it up and down four or five abreast in the moonlight; crowded everybody else off the sidewalk."

"I rememper, I rememper," said Lindau, nodding his head slowly up and down. "A coodt many off them nefer gome pack from that landt of Ganaan, Mr. Dryfoos."

"You're right, Mr. Lindau. But I reckon it was worth it—the country we've got now. Here, young man!" He caught the arm of the waiter who was going round with the champagne bottle. "Fill up Mr. Lindau's glass, there. I want to drink the health of those old times with him. Here's to your empty sleeve, Mr. Lindau. God bless it! No offence to *you*, Colonel Woodburn," said Dryfoos, turning to him before he drank.

"Not at all, sir, not at all," said the Colonel. "I will drink with you, if you will permit me."

"We'll all drink—standing," cried Fulkerson. "Help March to get up, somebody! Fill high the bowl with Samian Apollinaris for Coonrod! Now, then, hurrah for Lindau!"

They cheered, and hammered on the table with the butts of their knife handles. Lindau remained seated. The tears came into his eyes; he said, "I thank you, chendlemen," and hiccoughed.

"I'd 'a' went into the war myself," said Dryfoos, "but I was raisin' a family of young children, and I didn't see how I could leave my farm. But I helped to fill up the quota at every call, and when the volunteering stopped I went round with the subscription paper myself; and we offered as good bounties as any in the State. My substitute was killed in one of the last skirmishes—in fact, after Lee's surrender—and I've took care of his family, more or less, ever since."

"By-the-way, March," said Fulkerson, "what sort of an idea would it be to have a good war story—might be a serial—in the magazine? The war has never fully panned out in fiction yet. It was used a good deal just after it was over, and then it was dropped. I think it's time to take it up again. I believe it would be a card."

It was running in March's mind that Dryfoos had an old rankling shame in his heart for not having gone into the war, and that he had often made that explanation of his course without having ever been satisfied with it. He felt sorry for him; the fact seemed pathetic; it suggested a dormant nobleness in the man.

Beaton was saying to Fulkerson, "You might get a series of sketches by substitutes; the substitutes haven't been much heard from in the war literature. How would 'The Autobiography of a Substitute' do? You might follow him up to the moment he was killed in the other man's place, and inquire whether he had any right to the feelings of a hero when he was only hired in the place of one. Might call it 'The Career of a Deputy Hero.'"

"I fancy," said March, "that there was a great deal of mixed motive in the men who went into the war as well as in those who kept out of it. We canonize all that died or suffered in it, but some of them must have been self-seeking and low-minded, like men in other vocations." He found himself saying this in Dryfoos's behalf. The old man looked at him gratefully at first, he thought, and then suspiciously.

Lindau turned his head toward him and said: "You are righdt, Passil; you are righdt. I haf zeen on the fieldt of pattle the voarst eggsipitions of human paseness—chelousy, fanity, ecodistic bridte. I haf zeen men in the face off death itself goffernedt by motifes as low as—as pusiness motifes."

"Well," said Fulkerson, "it would be a grand thing for *Every Other Week* if we could get some of those ideas worked up into a series. It would make a lot of talk."

Colonel Woodburn ignored him in saying, "I think, Major Lindau—"

"High brifate; prefet gorporal," the old man interrupted, in rejection of the title.

Kendricks laughed and said, with a glance of appreciation at Lindau, "Brevet corporal is good."

Colonel Woodburn frowned a little, and passed over the joke. "I think Mr. Lindau is right. Such exhibitions were common to both sides, though if you gentlemen will pardon me for saying so, I think they were less frequent on ours. We were fighting more immediately for existence; we were fewer than you were, and we knew it; we felt more intensely that if each were not for all, then none was for any."

The Colonel's words made their impression. Dryfoos said, with authority, "That is so."

"Colonel Woodburn," Fulkerson called out, "if you'll work up those ideas into a short paper—say three thousand words—I'll engage to make March take it."

The Colonel went on without replying: "But Mr. Lindau is right in characterizing some of the motives that led men to the cannon's mouth as no higher than business motives, and his comparison is the most forcible that he could have used. I was very much struck by it."

The hobby was out, the Colonel was in the saddle with so firm a seat that no effort sufficed to dislodge him. The dinner went on from course to course with barbaric profusion, and from time to time Fulkerson tried to bring the talk back to *Every Other Week*. But perhaps because that was only the ostensible and not the real object of the dinner, which was to bring a number of men together under Dryfoos's roof, and make them the witnesses of his splendor, make them feel the power of his wealth, Fulkerson's attempts failed. The Colonel showed how commercialism was the poison at the heart of our national life; how we began as a simple, agricultural people, who had fled to these shores with the instinct, divinely implanted, of building a state such as the sun never shone upon before; how we had conquered the wilderness and the savage; how we had flung off, in our struggle with the mother country, the trammels of tradition and precedent, and had settled down, a free nation, to the practice of the arts of peace; how the spirit of commercialism had stolen insidiously upon us, and the infernal impulse of competition had embroiled us in a perpetual warfare of interests, developing the worst passions of our nature, and teaching us to trick and betray and destroy one another in the strife for money, till now that impulse had exhausted itself, and we found competition gone and the whole economic problem in the hands of monopolies—the Standard Oil Company, the Sugar Trust, the Rubber Trust, and what not. And now what was the next thing? Affairs could not remain as they were; it was impossible; and what was the next thing?

The company listened for the main part silently. Dryfoos tried to grasp the idea of commercialism as the Colonel seemed to hold it; he conceived of it as something like the dry-goods business on a vast scale, and he knew he had never been in that. He did not like to hear competition called infernal; he had always supposed it was something sacred; but he approved of what Colonel Woodburn said of the Standard Oil Company; it was all true; the Standard Oil had squeezed Dryfoos once, and made him sell it a lot of oil wells by putting down the price of oil so low in that region that he lost money on every barrel he pumped.

All the rest listened silently, except Lindau; at every point the Colonel made against the present condition of things he said more and more fiercely, "You are righdt, you are righdt." His eyes glowed, his hand played with his knife hilt. When the Colonel demanded, "And what is the next thing?" he threw himself forward, and repeated: "Yes, sir! What is the next thing?"

"Natural gas, by thunder!" shouted Fulkerson.

One of the waiters had profited by Lindau's posture to lean over him and put down in the middle of the table a structure in white sugar. It expressed Frescobaldi's conception of a derrick, and a touch of nature had been added in the flame of brandy, which burned luridly up from a small pit in the centre of the base, and represented the gas in combustion as it issued from the ground. Fulkerson burst into a roar of laughter with the words that recognized Frescobaldi's personal tribute to Dryfoos. Everybody rose and peered over at the thing, while he explained the work of sinking a gas well, as he had already explained it to Frescobaldi. In the midst of his lecture he caught sight of the caterer himself, where he stood in the pantry doorway, smiling with an artist's anxiety for the effect of his masterpiece.

"Come in, come in, Frescobaldi! We want to congratulate you," Fulkerson called to him. "Here, gentlemen! Here's Frescobaldi's health."

They all drank; and Frescobaldi, smiling brilliantly and rubbing his hands as he bowed right and left, permitted himself to say to Dryfoos: "You are please; no? You like?"

"First-rate, first-rate!" said the old man; but when the Italian had bowed himself out and his guests had sunk into their seats again, he said, dryly, to Fulkerson, "I reckon they didn't have to torpedo that well, or the derrick wouldn't look quite so nice and clean."

"Yes," Fulkerson answered; "and that ain't quite the style—that little wiggly-waggly blue flame—that the gas acts when you touch off a good vein of it. This might do for weak gas;" and he went on to explain: "They call it weak gas when they tap it two or three hundred feet down; and anybody can sink a well in his back yard and get enough gas to light and heat his house. I remember one fellow that had it blazing up from a pipe through a flower bed, just like a jet of water from a fountain. My, my, my! You fel—you gentlemen ought to go out and see that country, all of you. Wish we *could* torpedo this well, Mr. Dryfoos, and let 'em see how it works! Mind that one you torpedoed for me? You know, when they sink a well," he went on to the company, "they can't always most generally sometimes tell whether they're goin' to get gas or oil or salt-water. Why, when they first began to bore for salt-water out on the Kanawha, back about the beginning of the century, they used to get gas now and then, and then they considered it a failure; they called a gas well a blower, and give it up in disgust; the time wasn't ripe for gas yet. Now they bore away sometimes till they get half-way to China, and don't seem to strike anything worth speaking of. Then they put a dynamite torpedo down in the well and explode it. They have a little bar of iron that they call a Go-devil, and they just drop it down on the business end of the torpedo, and then stand from under, if *you* please! You hear a noise, and in about half a minute you begin to *see* one, and it begins to rain oil and mud and salt-water and rocks and pitchforks and adoptive citizens; and when it clears up the derrick's painted—got a coat on that 'll wear in any climate. That's what our honored host meant. Generally get some visiting lady, when there's one round, to drop the Go-devil. But that day we had to put up with Conrad here. They offered to let me drop it, but I declined. I told 'em I hadn't much practice with Go-devils in the newspaper syndicate business, and I wasn't very well myself, anyway. Astonishing," Fulkerson continued, with the air of relieving his explanation by an anecdote, "how reckless they get using dynamite when they're torpedoing wells. We stopped at one place where a fellow was handling the cartridges pretty freely, and Mr. Dryfoos happened to caution him a little, and that ass came up with one of 'em in his hand, and began to pound it on the buggy wheel to show us how safe it was. I turned green, I was so scared; but Mr. Dryfoos kept his color, and kind of coaxed the fellow till he quit. You could see he was the fool kind, that if you tried to stop him he'd keep on hammering that cartridge, just to show that it wouldn't explode, till he blew you into Kingdom Come. When we got him to go away, Mr. Dryfoos drove up to his foreman. 'Pay Sheney off, and discharge him on the spot,' says he. 'He's too safe a man to have round; he knows too much about dynamite.' I never saw anybody so cool."

Dryfoos modestly dropped his head under Fulkerson's flattery, and without lifting it, turned his eyes toward Colonel Woodburn. "I had all sorts of men to deal with in developing my property out there, but I had very little trouble with them, generally speaking."

"Ah, ah! you foundt the laboring-man reasonable—dractable—tocile?" Lindau put in.

"Yes, generally speaking," Dryfoos answered. "They mostly knew which side of their bread was buttered. I did have one little difficulty at one time. It happened to be when Mr. Fulkerson was out there. Some of the men tried to form a union—"

"No, no!" cried Fulkerson. "Let *me* tell that! I know you wouldn't do yourself justice, Mr. Dryfoos, and I want 'em to know how a strike can be managed, if you take it in time. You see, some of those fellows got a notion that there ought to be a union among the working-men to keep up wages and dictate to the employers, and Mr. Dryfoos's foreman was the ringleader in the business. They understood pretty well that as soon as he found it out that foreman would walk the plank, and so they watched out till they thought they had Mr. Dryfoos just where they wanted him—everything on the keen jump, and every man worth his weight in diamonds—and then they come to him, and told him to sign a promise to keep that foreman to the end of the season, or till he was through with the work on the Dryfoos and Hendry Addition, under penalty of having them all knock off. Mr. Dryfoos smelt a mice, but he couldn't tell where the mice was; he saw that they did have him, and he signed, of course. There wasn't anything really

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1688.

against the fellow, anyway; he was a first-rate man, and he did his duty every time; only he'd got some of those ideas into his head, and they turned it. Mr. Dryfoos signed, and then he laid low."

March saw Lindau listening with a mounting intensity, and heard him murmur in German, "Shameful! shameful!"

Fulkerson went on: "Well, it wasn't long before they began to show their hand, but Mr. Dryfoos kept dark. He agreed to everything; there never was such an obliging capitalist before; there wasn't a thing they asked of him that he didn't do, with the greatest of pleasure, and all went merry as a marriage-bell till one morning a whole gang of fresh men marched into the Dryfoos and Hendry Addition, under the escort of a dozen Pinkertons with repeating rifles at half-cock, and about fifty fellows found themselves out of a job. You never saw such a mad set."

"Pretty neat," said Kendricks, who looked at the affair purely from an æsthetic point of view. "Such a *coup* as that would tell tremendously in a play."

"That was vile treason," said Lindau, in German, to March. "He's an infamous traitor! I cannot stay here. I must go."

He struggled to rise, while March held him by the coat, and implored him under his voice, "For Heaven's sake, don't, Lindau! You owe it to yourself not to make a scene, if you come here." Something in it all affected him comically; he could not help laughing.

The others were discussing the matter, and seemed not to have noticed Lindau, who controlled himself, and sighed: "You are right. I must have patience."

Beaton was saying to Dryfoos, "Pity your Pinkertons couldn't have given them a few shots before they left."

"No, that wasn't necessary," said Dryfoos. "I succeeded in breaking up the union. I entered into an agreement with other parties not to employ any man who would not swear that he was non-union. If they had attempted violence, of course they could have been shot. But there was no fear of that. Those fellows can always be depended upon to cut each other's throats in the long-run."

"But sometimes," said Colonel Woodburn, who had been watching throughout for a chance to mount his hobby again, "they make a good deal of trouble first. How was it in the great railroad strike of '77?"

"Well, I guess there was a little trouble that time, Colonel," said Fulkerson. "But the men that undertake to override the laws and paralyze the industries of a country like this generally get left in the end."

"Yes, sir, generally; and up to a certain point, always. But it's the exceptional that is apt to happen, as well as the unexpected. And a little reflection will convince any gentleman here that there is always a danger of the exceptional in your system. The fact is, those fellows have the game in their own hands already. A strike of the whole body of the Brotherhood of Engineers alone would starve out the entire Atlantic seaboard in a week; labor insurrection could make head at a dozen given points, and your government couldn't move a man over the roads without the help of the engineers."

"That is so," said Kendricks, struck by the dramatic character of the conjecture. He imagined a fiction dealing with the situation as something already accomplished.

"Why don't some fellow do the *Battle of Dorking* act with that thing?" said Fulkerson. "It would be a card."

"Exactly what I was thinking, Mr. Fulkerson," said Kendricks.

Fulkerson laughed. "Telepathy—clear case of mind-transferrence. Better see March, here, about it. *I'd* like to have it in *Every Other Week*. It would make talk."

"Perhaps it might set your people to thinking as well as talking," said the Colonel.

"Well, sir," said Dryfoos, setting his lips so tightly together that his imperial stuck straight outward, "if I had my way, there wouldn't *be* any Brotherhood of Engineers, nor any other kind of labor union in the whole country."

"What!" shouted Lindau. "You would sobbress the unionss of the voarkingmen?"

"Yes, I would."

"And what would you do with the unionss of the gabidalists—the drosts, and gompines, and boolss? Would you dake the right from one and gife it to the odder?"

"Yes, sir, I would," said Dryfoos, with a wicked look at him.

Lindau was about to roar back at him with some furious protest, but March put his hand on his shoulder imploringly, and Lindau turned to him to say in German, "But it is infamous—infamous! What kind of man is this? Who is he? He has the heart of a tyrant."

Colonel Woodburn cut in. "You couldn't do that, Mr. Dryfoos, under your system. And if you attempted it, with your conspiracy laws, and that kind of thing, it might bring the climax sooner than you expected. Your commercialized society has built its house on the sands. It will have to go. But I should be sorry if it went before its time."

"You are righdt, sir," said Lindau. "It would be a bity. I hobe it will last till it feelss its rottenness, like Herodt. Boat, when its hour gomes, when it trops to bieces with the veight of its own gorrubtion—what then?"

"It's not to be supposed that a system of things like this can drop to pieces of its own accord, like the old Republic of Venice," said the Colonel. "But when the last vestige of commercial society is gone, then we can begin to build anew; and we shall build upon the central idea, not of the false liberty you now worship, but of responsibility—responsibility. The enlightened, the moneyed, the cultivated class shall be responsible to the central authority—emperor, duke, president; the name does not matter—for the national expense and the national defence, and it shall be responsible to the working classes of all kinds for homes and lands and implements, and the opportunity to labor at all times. The working classes shall be responsible to the leisure class for the support of its dignity in peace, and shall be subject to its command in war. The rich shall warrant the poor against planless production and the ruin that now follows, against danger from without and famine from within, and the poor—"

"No, no, no!" shouted Lindau. "The *State* shall do that—the whole beople. The men who voark shall have and shall eat; and the men that will not voark, they shall sdarfe. But no man need sdarfe. He will go to the State, and the State will see that he haf voark, and that he haf foodt. All the roadts and mills and mines and landts shall be the beople's and be ron *by* the beople *for* the beople. There shall be no rich and no boor; and there shall not be war any more, for what bower wouldt dare to addack a beople bound togeder in a broderhood like that?"

"Lion and lamb act," said Fulkerson, not well knowing, after so much champagne, what words he was using.

No one noticed him, and Colonel Woodburn said coldly to Lindau, "You are talking paternalism, sir."

"And *you* are dalking *feudalism!*" retorted the old man.

The Colonel did not reply. A silence ensued, which no one broke till Fulkerson said: "Well, now, look here. If either one of these millenniums was brought about, by force of arms, or otherwise, what would become of *Every Other Week?* Who would want March for an editor? How would Beaton sell his pictures? Who would print Mr. Kendricks's little society verses and short stories? What would become of Conrad and his good works?" Those named grinned in support of Fulkerson's diversion, but Lindau and the Colonel did not speak; Dryfoos looked down at his plate, frowning. A waiter came round with cigars, and Fulkerson took one. "Ah," he said, as he bit off the end, and leaned over to the emblematic masterpiece, where the brandy was still feebly flickering, "I wonder if there's enough natural gas left to light my cigar." His effort put the flame out and knocked the derrick over; it broke in fragments on the table. Fulkerson cackled over the ruin: "I wonder if all Moffitt will look that way after labor and capital have fought it out together. I hope this ain't ominous of anything personal, Dryfoos?"

"I'll take the risk of it," said the old man, harshly.

He rose mechanically, and Fulkerson said to Frescobaldi's man, "You can bring us the coffee in the library."

The talk did not recover itself there. Lindau would not sit down; he refused coffee, and dismissed himself with a haughty bow to the company; Colonel Woodburn shook hands elaborately all round, when he had smoked his cigar; the others followed him. It seemed to March that his own good-night from Dryfoos was dry and cold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BOWERY RESTAURANT.

On another page Mr. Kemble has drawn a few glimpses of the cheap Bowery restaurants, and the faces of typical habitués of them. Nothing of all that the Bowery offers is more peculiar than these eating-houses of the poor. Their characters are reflected in their very names: "Beefsteak John's," "The Creamerie," "The Elephant," "The Two-Forty-Nine," and farther along in Chatham Street, "The Bill Tweed," "The Jim Fisk," "The Gladstone," and "The Cleveland." In front of one of these the other day we saw an ice cart bearing the painted legend, "Billy's Own Ice"; and near by was the sign, "Founders of the $3 pants." But the motto painted on the window of one of the restaurants, "Moderate Prices and Quick Service," is eloquent of all the merit to which the Bowery lays especial claim.

The Bowery restaurants are nearly all small places, usually occupying the space designed for the purposes of a single store. They are so generally bare of ornament and so rudely furnished as to present, like most of their customers, the air of struggling for a livelihood. This may be misleading. They certainly exist year after year, often two or three in a block, and are usually crowded, so that the probability is that the prevailing human tendency to appoint dining places richly is restrained in the Bowery out of respect to the plain tastes of those who patronize those places. The bills of fare in these restaurants are as remarkable as their other features. One eating-house that should be well patronized has just been founded in order to provide a regular *table d'hôte* dinner of soup, meat, and dessert for thirteen cents. A very old Bowery restaurant thrives by giving a plate of beefsteak, a potato, and a slice or two of bread, with butter, for six cents. The steak may be a little inclined to resist mastication, but eminent physicians have said that such is the more nutritious sort after all. The rest of the restaurants in the Bowery offer all cold, boiled, or roast meats at either five or ten cents a portion, with a potato and bread to boot, and coffee or tea for three or five cents. Pork and beans and hash, at the same price as plain roasts, are two stand-bys at all the Bowery eating-houses.

The proprietors and the waiters are likely to be found in their shirt sleeves. In most of the places the waiters are chosen for their fighting as well as their polite qualities, in order that they may be in continual readiness for quelling disorder and avenging attempts to dine without paying. Every amusement hall in the Bowery has one "bouncer," but these restaurants have many. The artist has shown a seedy and unfortunate old fellow in the relentless grip of a restaurant proprietor, who hopes to frighten some change out of the poor wretch by threatening him with a "cop." The incident illustrated in the sketch recalls Mr. Edward Harrigan's local comedy of *Old Lavender*, in which the hero, when he had no money and was hungry, deliberately prepared his mind for the thrashing he knew his body would get, and then went to an eating-house, ordered a good meal, and took a whipping in lieu of a receipted bill. That character belonged in the Bowery, and was drawn from life.

The other incident Mr. Kemble's pencil has seized is even more characteristic of the usages in these places. In just such a restaurant a customer brought down the wrath of outraged self-respect on his head one day by calling out to one of the waiters, "My friend, this coffee ain't good." The waiter looked him all over with a glance of withering contempt, and then spoke loudly enough for all the others in the place to hear:

"Say, Bill," he addressed another waiter, "here's a high-toned gent that's used to dining at Delmonico's. He says der coffee ain't good. See here, friend, you swally dat coffee; it's der best you'll git."

The waiters all seem more eager to fight than to serve. In one of these eating-houses one day a waiter spilled some soup in the lap of a customer who was rather more fastidious than the average frequenter of the place. He protested against the waiter's carelessness, and the waiter replied: "Well, what's der use of making a fuss? I couldn't help it." The next time the waiter came to that table the customer reverted to the accident and to the state of his clothing. That was more than the waiter could endure. "Now look a-here," said he, thrusting out his chin and his chest, and wagging his head threateningly; "I've 'pologized, and dat don't suit yer. What do yer want next—a licking?"

A very happy bit in the picture is the view of two street boys at a hasty meal—the only kind they ever get. Both are honest toilers, one at blacking boots, and one at selling papers. What Arabs, what little rats, they are! They are as wild and hostile to improvement as young hawks. We have in mind a kindly man who felt sorry to see a number of them out in the cold on one wintry day, and invited them into the warm cellar under his store. There they broke the windows, hacked the wood-work, and even pounded a costly piece of machinery with cobble-stones brought in for the purpose. We recall another gentleman who called one into his business place and gave him a good hat to take the place of the tattered cap on his head. A clerk of an inquiring mind called to the boy, "What are you going to do with that nice hat, Johnny?"

"Take it up to Baxter Street," said the boy, "where I kin sell it fer fifteen cents. Den I kin git a cap fer five cents, and have tenpence left fer der t'eatre."

THE LATE WILLIAM THAW.

A cablegram from Paris, August 17th, announcing the illness of William Thaw, was followed immediately by a second message telling of his death. William Thaw was born in Pittsburgh, of Scotch-Irish parentage, October 12, 1818. Receiving an education in the common schools and Western University of Pittsburgh, he entered his father's bank in 1834. Eleven years later, while the canals were yet the great channel of communication between the East and the West, he formed a partnership with Thomas S. Clarke, under the name of Clarke & Thaw, as transporters and owners of canal and steam boats. When the completion of the railroads West brought a new order of affairs, Mr. Thaw was nearly forty years old, but at once grasping the changed conditions he entered into the service, and gave his time and encouragement to it, so that he became a leader in matters pertaining to railroads. It is illustrative of the great progress of the age when we consider that Mr. Thaw was born before the first steam railroad was built, and at his death he was one of the largest owners of stock in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He was also largely interested in the Erie and Western Transportation Company and the Inman International Steam-ship Company.

Mr. Thaw was a man of remarkable gifts, and possessing a wide knowledge of the world and its affairs. His power of discernment and expression fitted him for his position of prominence in his business. The large fortune which he had amassed was used in a public way to promote educational and benevolent enterprises, and his private charities were innumerable. Irrespective of church, it is said that no minister who applied to him for monetary aid ever left him without some degree of success. Before the panic of 1873, he presented $100,000 in Northern Pacific bonds to the Western University, and when Jay Cooke had failed, and the securities depreciated in value, Mr. Thaw quietly gave in their stead $100,000 in cash to the trustees. The Homœopathic Hospital and the Western Theological Seminary received liberal donations, and Hanover, Wooster, and Oberlin universities, and Geneva and Carrol colleges are among the educational institutions that are indebted to his benevolence. Apart from these examples of his kindliness, he was in sympathy with a number of other institutions and charitable societies, and the city and county where he lived were under obligations to him in many ways.

Early in July Mr. Thaw, in company with some friends and relatives, sailed on the *City of Paris*, in order to gain a needed rest. His letters and messages home were most hopeful and satisfactory, and the news of his sudden illness and death was a great shock to his many friends. In his native city he was much loved and admired, and his loss is one which will be widely felt.

THE NEW YORK CATTLE QUARANTINE.

Among the various laws made in the United States within recent years for the prevention of pleuro-pneumonia and other forms of disease in cattle, few have had a more important bearing upon the object in view, or have been more thoroughly and intelligently carried out, than the act of Congress providing for the quarantining of cattle arriving here from foreign countries. The law requires that foreign cattle shall be kept in quarantine for ninety days after their arrival. If the cattle are in a perfectly sound and healthy condition at the end of the ninety days they may be removed by their owners. The English quarantine laws are somewhat more strict than this. They require that all cattle brought into Great Britain from America shall be killed within ten days of their arrival. This law prevents the exportation of American cattle to England for breeding purposes. Englishmen explain the law by saying that all cattle diseases originate in America, and that English animals are never afflicted with pleuro-pneumonia or anything else. It is hardly necessary to deny this rather sweeping assertion, nor to apologize to irascible importers of foreign cattle for the existence of the American quarantine; all that need be said is that the quarantine law was found to be urgently needed to protect American cattle.

The quarantine station for the port of New York is located at Garfield, New Jersey, a small village which once bore the name of East Passaic. It has a railway station of its own, on a branch of the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad, but the traveller can get a more frequent train service by way of Passaic on the main line. The quarantine station occupies forty acres of rolling grass-land fronting on the dark-hued Passaic River, which here drowses down toward the sea. On this quiet stretch of water one might well fancy himself in some remote rural region, were it not for the tinge of smoke from Passaic's tall chimneys, the chemical discolorations in the river, and the constant rumble of Erie Railway trains.

This combined quality of rural quiet and urban accessibility makes the location at Garfield especially appropriate for the quarantine station, inasmuch as the cattle need country quiet in a place within a reasonable distance of the landing docks.

The peculiar requirements of the quarantine location, and the care with which they were considered when the station was established, are only a small part, however, of the painstaking methods employed by the United States government to prevent the introduction of disease into American cattle. The importer is no doubt often tempted to exclaim with wrath that the red tape involved in the bringing of a few meek and well-disposed cows from Europe to America amounts almost to a prohibition. In the first place, the original owner of the animals must make affidavit that they are free from disease, and that no bovine disorder has existed in his district for six months or a year. The purchasing agent must then make affidavit to the same facts, after which the case goes before the nearest American consul, who considers the matter, and decides whether the cattle shall or shall not go to America. Having obtained the consul's permit to import, the agent puts the animals aboard a steam-ship bound for the United States. The steam-ship people are required to provide stalls which have been thoroughly scalded out and disinfected. On the voyage across the ocean the cattle are carefully taken care of. If any of them fall sick the circumstances are noted for the information of the quarantine officer.

Upon the arrival of the vessel at New York, the Collector of the Port telegraphs the fact to the inspector at quarantine head-quarters at Garfield, who immediately goes aboard, and makes a thorough examination of each animal. The temperature is taken by means of a physician's thermometer, and the lungs are examined by percussion and oscultation. If the animals pass muster, the inspector indorses the Custom-house permit providing for their landing. No customs duties are charged on cattle imported for breeding purposes. At the hour set for landing, the Erie Railway Company's live-stock agent sends a thoroughly disinfected and clean barge to receive the cattle from the steamer. This barge puts the animals ashore at what is known as the Erie's long dock in Jersey City, alongside the huge grain elevator that dominates the landscape in the vicinity of the Erie Ferry slips. From the wharf the cattle are driven to certain of the Erie's stock cars set apart for the purpose. No other cattle are allowed to be carried in these cars. It is only just to say here that the railroad company takes special pains to co-operate fully with the government officials in carrying out the provisions of the law to the letter.

A special train carries the cattle to a remote corner of the quarantine grounds at Garfield, where they are unloaded and assigned to certain yards and sheds. The yards are separated from each other by high board fences. The sheds are in the shape of well-built barns, tightly battened and neatly painted. A trough of running water is provided for each yard, and separate bins for feed for each shed. These measures form the basis of the precautions taken for the complete isolation of the different herds one from the other. The rules for the government of the quarantine station are as strict as those directing the conduct of the army. They require, among other things, that the gates of all yards shall be kept locked, except when cattle are entering or leaving quarantine. This prevents the accidental mixing up of different cattle. The attendants on cattle in particular yards are strictly forbidden to enter other yards and buildings, except such as are occupied by stock of the same shipment with those under their specia,

care. No dogs, cats, or animals, except those necessarily present, are allowed in the quarantine grounds.

The owner or importer of cattle is required to provide food and attendance, under the direction of the veterinary inspector. Some importers show a disposition to object to this quarantine requirement, as they believe that the government should pay all the expenses of the quarantine, including food and attendance. These are the only two expenses, however, that the government does not pay in connection with the work. In order that no contagious disease may be introduced into quarantine, the rules provide that no visitor shall be admitted to the quarantine station without special written permission from the veterinary inspector or chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry at the Department of Agriculture. This rule is intended to operate especially against butchers, cattle dealers, and their employés. Visitors are apt to regard it as unduly strict, yet it is of great importance as a quarantine measure. The rule is by no means prohibitive in its nature, for almost any well-disposed person, other than butchers, cattle dealers, and their employés, can obtain a permit to walk through the grounds. It remains with the quarantine officer, however, to say whether a visitor shall or shall not be fumigated before entering the yards. The fumigating box has been found to be rather a formidable obstacle in the path of the casual visitor.

While cattle are in quarantine, the veterinary inspector is required to inspect them daily, and to take, as far as possible, the temperature of each animal, beginning always with the herds that have been longest in quarantine, and ending with the most recent arrivals, and to record these temperatures on lists kept for the purpose. In passing from one herd to another, the inspector is required to wash his thermometer and his hands in a weak solution of carbolic acid. With these and other rules rigidly enforced for ninety days on each importation, domestic cattle are protected absolutely against the introduction of disease from foreign countries. When the quarantined animals are released, they are, as far as science and skill can determine, in perfect health. They may be taken to any part of the United States upon their certificate of release.

For the most part, the cattle raisers of the country are strongly in favor of a rigid quarantine. Especially is this true of Western stockmen, who fear contagious pleuro-pneumonia, aphthous fever, and bovine tuberculosis more than all the other ills of man and beast taken together. From a financial point of view, the worst disease that can affect a herd of fine cattle is contagious pleuro-pneumonia, which kills off the animals so rapidly, and communicates itself to neighboring herds so readily, that only the most stringent measures can prevent its spreading into epidemic form. The ease with which this disease travels from one farm to another shows the necessity of rigid quarantine of foreign cattle, and also of careful local inspections by State and even county veterinary officers. In its relations to man, bovine tuberculosis is more dangerous than pleuro-pneumonia, although its presence among cattle is not so disastrous financially. Tuberculosis is communicated to the human system through the use of the meat or milk of tuberculous animals. Recent investigation indicates more fully than ever before the dreadful nature of this disease in man. It is the opinion of authorities on the subject that one of the chief ways to lessen the prevalence of consumption in human beings is to take thorough means for the extermination of bovine tuberculosis in domestic cattle. Rigid inspections should be made by government and State veterinarians at frequent intervals to prevent the spread of the disease.

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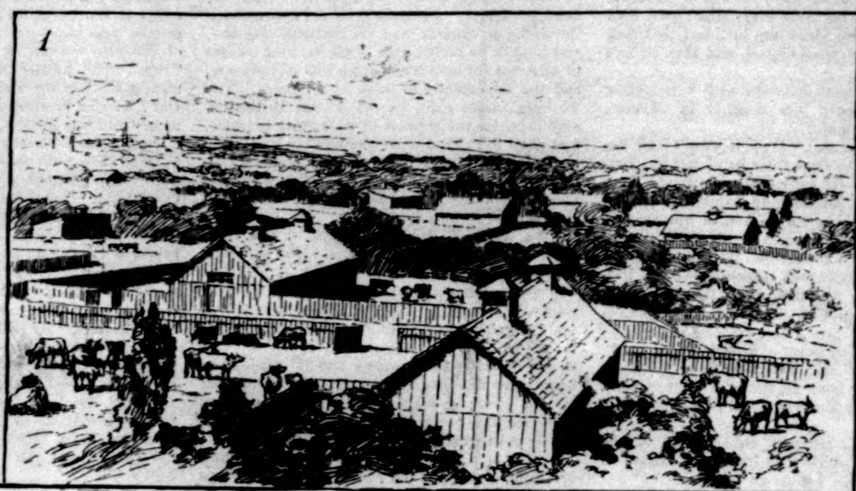

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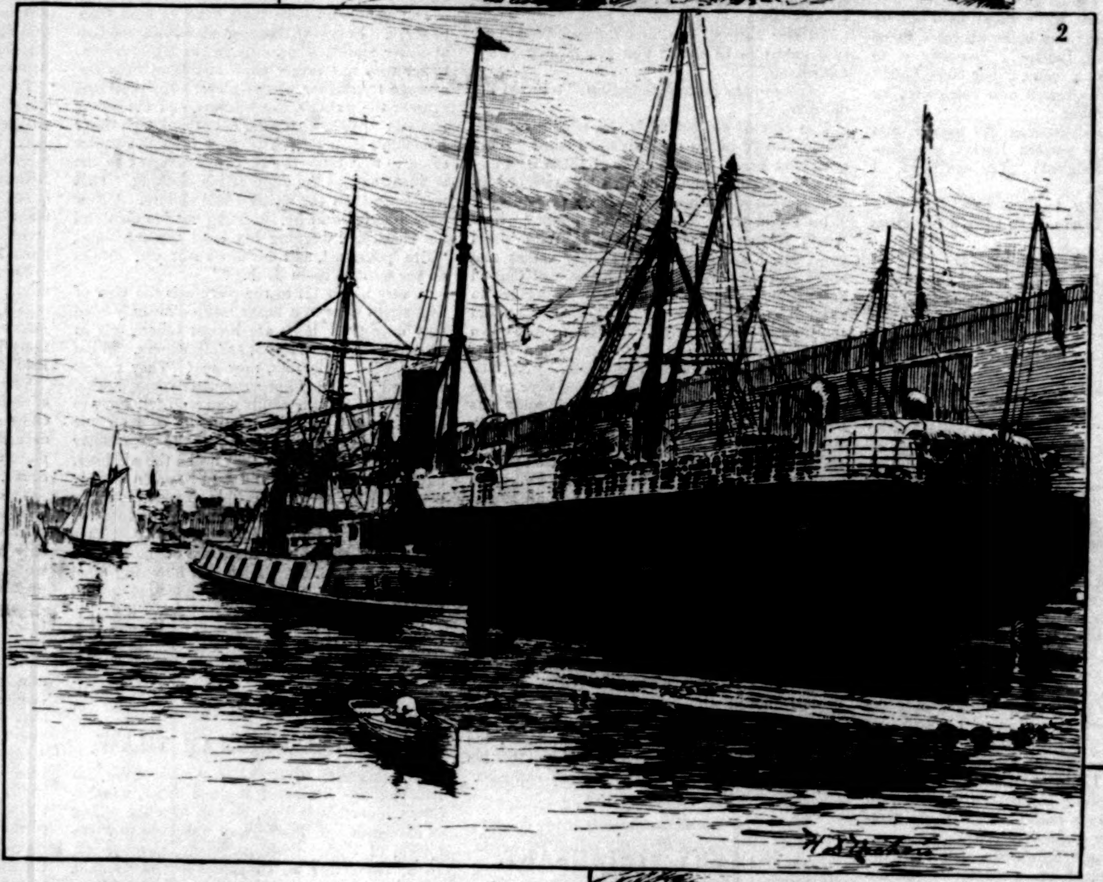

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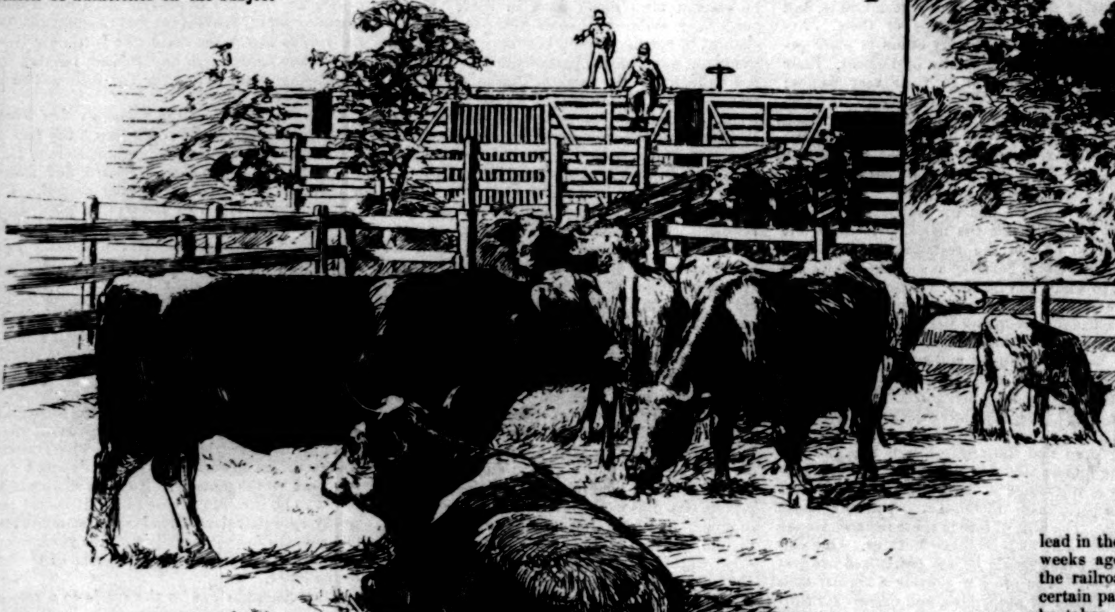


THE CATTLE QUARANTINE.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

1. General View of the Grounds at Garfield, New Jersey. 2. Unloading from an Ocean Steamer. 3. The Quarantine River Front. 4. Receiving Cattle at Quarantine.

In connection with this branch of the subject it may not be inappropriate to suggest that greater facilities be placed at the disposal of the quarantine officer at Garfield for the more complete isolation of the cattle under his charge from deleterious influences. The working force might be increased judiciously, so that it would be impossible for any person to enter the grounds without permission. With the inadequate force now employed it would not be difficult for an evil-disposed or resentful person to creep in among the cattle and introduce a disorder that would prove disastrous to stock owners and possibly fatal to man. That the necessity for a rigid cattle inspection is becoming more urgent is apparent in all parts of the country. The lead in the matter is being taken by the government. Only a few weeks ago the Agricultural Department called the attention of the railroads to the prevalence of Texas fever among cattle in certain parts of the country, and suggested that extra precautions be taken to keep stock cars as clean as possible, and that cars carrying cattle for export should be disinfected before being brought into use. The railroad companies supplement these precautions by setting apart yards for the exclusive use of export cattle. By these means it is hoped that the introduction of any American diseases into foreign cattle may be prevented. Under the present quarantine law, cattle from North and South America are exempt from the ninety days' quarantine.

One cause for congratulation among stock raisers is the systematic co-operation of the New York State and the government veterinary inspectors for the suppression of cattle diseases in this part of the country. If other States took the matter in hand as thoroughly, the chances for the complete eradication of disease would be much improved. The inspector in charge of the government work at Garfield is Dr. William Herbert Lowe, a veterinarian of wide experience and much scientific and practical knowledge of the treatment of animal disorders. His management of quarantine affairs has been uniformly successful in its results, and satisfactory to the Department at Washington.

William Willard Howard.

SKETCHES IN A BOWERY RESTAURANT.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 723.]

UNDER THE LION'S PAW.

I.

It was the last of autumn and first day of winter coming together. All day long the ploughmen on their prairie farms had moved to and fro on their wide level fields through the falling snow, which melted as it fell, wetting them to the skin—all day, notwithstanding the frequent squalls of snow, the dripping, desolate clouds, and the muck of the furrows, black and tenacious as tar.

Under their dripping harnesses the horses swung to and fro silently, with that marvellous uncomplaining patience which marks the horse. All day the wild-geese, honking wildly, as they sprawled sidewise down the wind, seemed to be fleeing from an enemy behind, and with neck out-thrust and wings extended, sailed down the wind, soon lost to sight.

Yet the ploughman behind his plough, though the snow lay on his ragged great-coat, and the cold clinging mud rose on his heavy boots, fettering him like gyves, whistled in the very beard of the gale. As day passed, the snow, ceasing to melt, lay along the ploughed land, and lodged in the depth of the stubble, till on each slow round the last furrow stood out black and shining as jet between the ploughed land and the gray stubble.

When night began to fall, and the geese, flying low, began to alight invisibly in the near corn field, Stephen Council was still at work "finishing a land." He rode on his sulky-plough when going with the wind, but walked when facing it. Sitting bent and cold but cheery under his slouch hat, he talked encouragingly to his weary four-in-hand.

"Come round there, boys!—round agin! We got t' finish this land. Come in there, Dan! *Stiddy*, Kate!—stiddy! None o' y'r tantrums, Kittie. It's purty tuff, but got a be did. *Tchk! tchk!* Step along, Pete! Don't let Kate git y'r single-tree on the wheel. *Once* more!"

They seemed to know what he meant, and that this was the last round, for they worked with greater vigor than before.

"Once more, boys, an' sez I, oats an' a nice warm stall, an' sleep f'r all."

By the time the last furrow was turned on the land it was too dark to see the house, and the snow was changing to rain again. The tired and hungry man could see the light from the kitchen shining through the leafless hedge, and lifting a great shout, he yelled, "Sup*per* f'r a half a dozen!"

It was nearly eight o'clock by the time he had finished his chores and started for supper. He was picking his way carefully through the mud, when the tall form of a man loomed up before him with a premonitory cough.

"Waddy ye want?" was the rather startled question of the farmer.

"Well, ye see," began the stranger, in a deprecating tone, "we'd like t' git in f'r the night. We've tried every house f'r the last two miles, but they hadn't any room f'r us. My wife's jest about sick, 'n' the childern are cold and hungry—"

"Oh, y' want a stay all night, eh?"

"Yes, sir; it 'ud be a great accom—"

"Waal, I don't make it a practice t' turn anybuddy away hungry, not on sech nights as this. Drive right in. We 'ain't got much, but sech as it is—"

But the stranger had disappeared. And soon his steaming, weary team, with drooping heads and swinging single-trees, moved past the well on to the block beside the path. Council stood at the side of the "schooner" and helped the children out—two little half-sleeping children—and then a small woman with a babe in her arms.

"There ye go!" he shouted, jovially, to the children. "*Now* we're all right. Run right along to the house there, an' tell Mam' Council you wants umpthin' t' eat. Right this way, Mis'—Keep right off t' the right there. I'll go an' git a lantern. Come," he said to the dazed and silent group at his side.

"Mother," he shouted, as he neared the fragrant and warmly lighted kitchen, "here are some wayfarers an' folks who need sumpthin' t' eat an' a place t' snooze," he ended, pushing them all in.

Mrs. Council, a large, jolly, rather coarse-looking woman, took the children in her arms. "Come right in, you little rabbits. 'Most asleep, hay? Now here's a drink o' milk f'r each o' ye. I'll have s'm' tea in a minute. Take off y'r things and set up t' the fire."

While she set the children to drinking milk, Council got out his lantern and went out to the barn to help the stranger about his team, where his loud, hearty voice could be heard as it came and went between the hay-mow and the stalls.

The woman came to light as a small, timid, and discouraged-looking woman, but still pretty, in a thin and sorrowful way.

"Land sakes! An' you've travelled all the way from Clear Lake t'-day in this mud! Waal! waal! No wunder you're all tired out. Don't wait f'r the men, Mis'—" She hesitated, waiting for the name.

"Haskins."

"Mis' Haskins, set right up to the table an' take a good swig o' that tea, whilst I make y' s'm' toast. It's green tea, an' it's good. I tell Council as I git older I don't seem t' enjoy Young Hyson n'r gunpowder. I want the reel green tea, jest as it comes off'n the vines. Seems t' have more heart in it some way. Don't s'pose it has. Council says it's all in m' eye."

Going on in this easy way, she soon had the children filled with bread and milk and the woman thoroughly at home, eating some toast and sweet melon pickles, and sipping the tea.

"*See* the little rats!" she laughed at the children. "They're full as they can stick now, and they want to go to bed. Now don't git up, Mis' Haskins; set right where you are, an' let me look after 'em. I know all about young ones, though I *am* all alone now. Jane went an' married last fall. But, as I tell Council, it's lucky we keep our health. Set right *there*, Mis' Haskins; I won't have you stir a finger."

It was an unmeasured pleasure to sit there in the warm, homely kitchen, the jovial chatter of the housewife driving out and holding at bay the growl of the impotent, cheated wind.

The little woman's eyes filled with tears, which fell down upon the sleeping baby in her arms. The world was not so desolate and cold and hopeless, after all.

"Now I hope Council won't stop out there and talk politics all night. He's the greatest man to talk politics an' read the *Tribune*. How old is it?"

She broke off and peered down at the face of the babe.

"Two months 'n' five days," said the mother, with a mother's exactness.

"Ye don't say! I want t' know! The dear little pudzy-wudzy," she went on, stirring it up in the neighborhood of the ribs with her fat forefinger.

"Pooty tough on 'oo to go gallavant'n' 'cross lots this way."

"Yes, that's so; a man can't lift a mountain," said Council, entering the door. "Sarah, this is Mr. Haskins, from Kansas. He's been eat up 'n' drove out by grasshoppers."

"Glad t' see yeh! Pa, empty that wash-basin, 'n' give him a chance t' wash."

Haskins was a tall man, with a thin, gloomy face. His hair was a reddish brown, like his coat, and seemed equally faded by the wind and sun. And his sallow face, though hard and set, was pathetic somehow. You would have felt that he had suffered much by the line of his mouth showing under his thin yellow mustache.

"Hain't Ike got home yet, Sairy?"

"Hain't seen 'im."

"W-a-a-l, set right up, Mr. Haskins; wade right into what we've got; 'tain't much, but we manage t' live on it—least I do; *she* gits fat on it," laughed Council, pointing his thumb at his wife.

After supper, while the women put the children to bed, Haskins and Council talked on, seated near the huge cooking stove, the steam rising from their wet clothing. In the Western fashion Council told as much of his own life as he drew from his guest. He asked but few questions; but by-and-by the story of Haskins's struggles and defeat came out. The story was a terrible one, but he told it quietly, seated with his elbows on his knees, gazing most of the time at the hearth.

"I didn't like the looks of the country, anyhow," Haskins said, partly rising and glancing at his wife. "I was ust t' northern Ingyannie, where we hav' lots a timber 'n' lots a rain, 'n' I didn't like the looks o' that dry prairie. What galled me the worst was goin' s' far away acrosst so much fine land layin' all through here vacant."

"And the 'hoppers eat ye four years hand running, did they?"

"Eat! They wiped us out. They chawed everything that was green. They jest set around waitin' f'r us to die t' eat us too. My God! I ust t' dream of 'em sitt'n' 'round on the bedpost, six feet long, workin' their jaws. They eet the fork handles. They got worse 'n' worse, till they jest rolled on one another, piled up like snow in winter. Well, it ain't no use; if I was t' talk all winter I couldn't tell nawthin'. But all the while I couldn't help thinkin' of all that land back here that nobuddy was usin', that I ought a had 'stead o' bein' out there in that cussed country."

"Waal, why didn't ye stop an' settle here?" asked Ike, who had come in and was eating his supper.

"Fer the simple reason that you fellers wantid ten 'r fifteen dollars an acre fer the bare land, and I hadn't no money fer that kind o' thing."

"Yes, I do my own work," Mrs. Council was heard to say in the pause which followed. "I'm a-gettin' purty heavy t' be on m' laigs all day, but we can't afford t' hire, so I keep rackin' around somehow, like a foundered horse. S' lame—I tell Council he can't tell *how* lame I am, f'r I'm jest as lame in one laig as t'other." And the good soul laughed at the joke on herself as she took a handful of flour and dusted the biscuit board to keep the dough from sticking.

"Well, I hain't *never* been very strong," said Mrs. Haskins. "Our folks was Canadians an' small-boned, and then since my last child I hain't got up again fairly. I don't like t' complain—Tim has about all he can bear now—but they was days this week when I jest wanted to lay right down an' die."

"Waal, now, I'll tell ye," said Council, from his side of the stove, silencing everybody with his good-natured roar, "I'd go down and *see* Butler *anyway*, if I was you. I guess he'd let you have his place purty cheap; the farm's all run down. He's ben anxious t' let t' somebuddy next year. It 'ud be a good chance fer you. Anyhow, you go to bed, and sleep like a babe. I've got some ploughin' t' do anyhow, an' we'll see if somethin' can't be done about your case. Ike, you go out an' see if the horses is all right, an' I'll show the folks t' bed."

When the tired husband and wife were lying under the generous quilts of the spare bed, Haskins listened a moment to the wind in the eaves, and then said, with a slow and solemn tone,

"There are people in this world who are good enough t' be angels, an' only haff t' die to *be* angels."

II.

Jim Butler was one of those men called in the West "land poor." Early in the history of Rock River he had come into the town and started in the grocery business in a small way, occupying a small building in a mean part of the town. At this period of his life he earned all he got, and was up early and late, sorting beans, working over butter, and carting his goods to and from the station. But a change came over him at the end of the second year, when he sold a lot of land for four times what he paid for it. From that time forward he believed in land speculation as the surest way of getting rich. Every cent he could save or spare from his trade he put into land at forced sale, or mortgages on land, which were "just as good as the wheat," he was accustomed to say.

Farm after farm fell into his hands, until he was recognized as one of the leading land-owners of the county. His mortgages were scattered all over Cedar County, and as they slowly but surely fell in, he sought usually to retain the former owner as tenant.

He was not ready to foreclose; indeed, he had the name of being one of the "easiest" men in the town. He let the debtor off again and again, extending the time whenever possible.

"I don't want y'r land," he said. "All I'm after is the int'rest on my money—that's all. Now if y' want 'o stay on the farm, why, I'll give y' a good chance. I can't have the land layin' vacant." And in many cases the owner remained as tenant.

In the mean time he had sold his store; he couldn't spend time in it; he was mainly occupied now with sitting around town on rainy days, smoking and "gassin' with the boys," or in riding to and from his farms. In fishing-time he fished a good deal. Doc Grimes, Ben Ashley, and Cal Cheatham were his cronies on these fishing excursions or hunting trips in the time of chickens or partridges. In winter they went to northern Wisconsin to shoot deer.

In spite of all these signs of easy life, Butler persisted in saying he "hadn't money enough to pay taxes on his land," and was careful to convey the impression that he was poor in spite of his twenty farms. At one time he was said to be worth fifty thousand dollars, but land had been a little slow of sale of late, so that he was not worth so much. A fine farm, known as the Higley place, had fallen into his hands in the usual way the previous year, and he had not been able to find a tenant for it. Poor Higley, after working himself nearly to death on it, in the attempt to lift the mortgage, had gone off to Dakota, leaving the farm and his curse to Butler.

This was the farm which Council advised Haskins to apply for, and the next day Council hitched up his team and drove down-town to see Butler.

"You jest lem *me* do the talkin'," he said. "We'll find him wearin' out his pants on some salt barrel somewears; and if he thought you *wanted* a place, he'd sock it to you hot and heavy. You jest keep quiet; I'll fix 'im."

Butler was seated in Ben Ashley's store, telling "fish yarns," when Council sauntered in casually.

"Hello, But! lyin' agin, hay?"

"Hello, Steve! how goes it?"

"Oh, so-so. Too dang much rain these days. I thought it was goin' t' freeze up f'r good last night. Tight squeak if I git m' ploughin' done. How's farmin' with *you* these days?"

"Bad. Ploughin' ain't half done."

"It 'ud be a religious idee f'r you t' go out and take a hand y'rself."

"I don't haff to," said Butler, with a wink.

"Got anybody on the Higley place?"

"No. Know of anybody?"

"Waal, no; not eggsackly. I've got a relation back t' Michigan who's ben hot an' cold on the idee o' comin' West f'r some time. *Might* come if he could git a good lay-out. What do you talk on the farm?"

"Well, I d' know. I'll rent it on shares, or I'll rent it money rent."

"Waal, how much money, say?"

"Well, say ten per cent. on the price—$250."

"Waal, that ain't bad. Wait on 'im till 'e thrashes?"

Haskins listened eagerly to this important question, but Council was coolly eating a dried apple which he had speared out of a barrel with his knife. Butler studied him carefully.

"Well, knocks me out o' twenty-five dollars interest."

"My relation 'll need all he's got t' git his crops in," said Council, in the same indifferent way.

"Well, all right; *say* wait," concluded Butler.

"All right; this is the man. Haskins, this is Mr. Butler—no relation to Ben—the hardest-working man in Cedar County."

On the way home, Haskins said: "I ain't much better off. I'd like that farm; it's a good farm, but it's all run down, an' so 'm I. I could make a good farm of it if I had half a show. But I can't stock it n'r seed it."

"Waal, now, don't you worry," roared Council, in his ear. "We'll pull y' through somehow till next harvest. He's agreed t' hire it ploughed, an' you can earn a hundred dollars ploughin', an' y' c'n git the seed o' me, an' pay me back when y' can."

Haskins was silent with emotion, but at last he said, "I 'ain't got nothin' t' live on."

"Now don't you worry 'bout that. You jest make your head-quarters at ol' Steve Council's. Mother 'll take a pile o' comfort in havin' y'r wife an' children 'round. Y' see Jane's married off lately, an' Ike's away a good 'eal, so we'll be darn glad t' have ye stop with us this winter. Nex' spring we'll see if y' can't git a start agin;" and he chirruped to the team, which sprang forward with the rumbling, clattering wagon.

"Say, looky here, Council, you can't do this. I never saw—" shouted Haskins in his neighbor's ear.

Council moved about uneasily in his seat, and stopped his stammering gratitude by saying: "Hold on now; don't make such a fuss over a little thing. When I see a man down, an' things all on top of 'im, I jest like t' kick 'em off an' help 'im up. That's the kind of religion I got, an' it's about the *only* kind."

They rode the rest of the way home in silence. And when the red light of the lamp shone out into the darkness of the cold and windy night, and he thought of this refuge for his children and wife, Haskins could have put his arm around the neck of his burly companion and squeezed him like a lover; but he contented himself with saying, "Steve Council, you'll git y'r pay f'r this some-day."

"Don't want any pay. My religion ain't run on such business principles."

The wind was growing colder, and the ground was covered with a white frost, as they turned into the gate of the Council farm, and the children came rushing out, shouting, "Papa's come!" They hardly looked like the same children who had sat at the table the night before. Their torpidity under the influence of sunshine and Mother Council had given way to a sort of spasmodic cheerfulness, as insects in winter revive when laid on the hearth.

III.

Haskins worked like a fiend, and his wife, like the heroic little woman that she was, bore also uncomplainingly the most terrible burdens. They rose early and toiled without intermission till the darkness fell on the plain, then tumbled into bed, every bone and muscle aching with fatigue, to rise with the sun the next morning to the same round of the same ferocity of labor.

The eldest boy, now nine years old, drove a team all through the spring, ploughing and seeding, milked the cows, and did chores innumerable, in most ways taking the place of a man; an infinitely pathetic but common figure—this boy—on the American farm, where there is no law against child labor. To see him in his coarse clothing, his huge boots, and his ragged cap, as he stogged with a pail of water from the well, or trudged in the cold and cheerless dawn out into the frosty field behind his team, gave the city-bred visitor a sharp pang of sympathetic pain. Yet Haskins loved his boy, and would have saved him from this if he could, but he could not.

By June the first year the result of such Herculean toil began to show on the farm. The yard was cleaned up and sown to grass, the garden ploughed and planted, and the house mended. Council had given them four of his cows.

"Take 'em an' run 'em on shares. I don't want a milk s' many. Ike's away s' much now, Sat'd'ys an' Sund'ys, I can't stand the bother anyhow."

Other men, seeing the confidence of Council in the new-comer, had sold him tools on time; and as he was really an able farmer, he soon had round him many evidences of his care and thrift. At the advice of Council he had taken the farm for three years, with the privilege of rerenting or buying at the end of the term.

"It's a good bargain, an' y' want 'o nail it," said Council. "If you have any kind ov a crop, you can pay half y'r debts, an' keep seed an' bread."

The new hope which now sprang up in the heart of Haskins and his wife grew great almost as a pain by the time the wide field of wheat began to wave and rustle and swirl in the winds of July. Day after day he would snatch a few moments after supper to go and look at it.

"Have ye seen the wheat t'-day, Nettie?" he asked one night as he rose from supper.

"No, Tim, I 'ain't had time."

"Well, take time now. Le's go look at it."

She threw an old hat on her head—Tommy's hat—and looking almost pretty in her thin sad way, went out with her husband to the hedge.

"Ain't it grand, Nettie? Just look at it."

It was grand. Level, russet here and there, heavy-headed, wide as a lake, and full of multitudinous whispers and gleams of health, it stretched away before the gazers like the fabled field of the cloth of gold.

"Oh, I think—I *hope* we'll have a good crop, Tim; and oh, how good the people have been to us!"

"Yes; I don't know where we'd be t'-day if it hadn't a ben f'r Council and his wife."

"They're the best people in the world," said the little woman, with a great sob of gratitude.

"We'll be into that field on Monday, sure," said Haskins, griping the rail on the fence as if already at the work of the harvest.

The harvest came bounteous, glorious, but the winds came and blew it into tangles, and the rain matted it here and there close to the ground, increasing the work of gathering it threefold.

Oh, how they toiled in those glorious days! Clothing dripping with sweat, arms aching, filled with briars, fingers raw and bleeding, backs broken with the weight of heavy bundles, Haskins and his man toiled on. Tommy drove the harvester while his father and a hired man bound on the machine. In this way they cut ten acres every day, and almost every night after supper, when the hand went to bed, Haskins returned to the field, shocking the bound grain in the light of the moon. Many a night he worked till he staggered with utter fatigue; worked till his anxious wife came out to call him in to rest and lunch.

At the same time she cooked for the men, took care of the children, washed and ironed, milked the cows at night, made the butter, and sometimes fed the horses and watered them while her husband kept at the shocking. No slave in the Roman galleys could have toiled so frightfully and lived, for this man *thought* himself a freeman, and that he was working for his wife and babes.

When he sank into his bed with a deep groan of relief, too tired to change his grimy, dripping clothing, he felt that he was getting nearer and nearer to a home of his own, and pushing the wolf of want a little further from his door.

There is no despair so deep as the despair of a homeless man or woman. To roam the roads of the country or the streets of the city, to feel

there is no rood of ground on which the feet can rest, to halt weary and hungry outside lighted windows and hear laughter and song within—these are the hungers and rebellions that drive men to crime and women to shame.

It was the memory of this homelessness, and the fear of its coming again, that spurred Timothy Haskins and Nettie, his wife, to such ferocious labor during that first year.

IV.

"'M, yes; 'm, yes; first-rate," said Butler, as his eye took in the neat garden, the pigpen, and the well-filled barn-yard. "You're git'n' quite a stock around yer. Done well, eh?"

Haskins was showing Butler around the place. He had not seen it for a year, having spent the year in Washington and Boston with Ashley, his brother-in-law, who had been elected to Congress.

"Yes, I've laid out a good deal of money during the last three years. I've paid out three hundred dollars f'r fencin'."

"Um—h'm! I see, I see," said Butler, while Haskins went on.

"The kitchen there cost two hundred; the barn 'ain't cost much in money, but I've put a lot o' time on it. I've dug a new well, and I—"

"Yes, yes. I see! You've done well. Stalk worth a thousand dollars," said Butler, picking his teeth with a straw.

"About that," said Haskins, modestly. "We begin to feel 's if we wuz git'n' a home f'r ourselves; but we've worked hard. I tell ye we begin to feel it, Mr. Butler, and we're goin' t' begin t' ease up purty soon. We've been kind o' plannin' a trip back t' *her* folks after the fall ploughin's done."

"*Eggs*-actly!" said Butler, who was evidently thinking of something else. "I suppose you've kind o' kalklated on stayin' here three years more?"

"Well, yes. Fact is, I think I c'n buy the farm this fall, if you'll give me a reasonable show."

"Um—m! What do you call a reasonable show?"

"Waal; say a quarter down and three years' time."

Butler looked at the huge stacks of wheat which filled the yard, over which the chickens were fluttering and crawling, catching grasshoppers, and out of which the crickets were singing innumerably. He smiled in a peculiar way as he said, "Oh, I won't be hard on yeh. But what did you expect to pay f'r the place?"

"Why, about what you offered it for before, twenty-five hundred dollars, or *possibly* three thousand," he added, quickly, as he saw the owner shake his head.

"This farm is worth five thousand and five hundred dollars," said Butler, in a careless but decided voice.

"*What!*" almost shrieked the astounded Haskins. "What's that? Five thousand? Why, that's double what you offered it for three years ago."

"Of course; and it's worth it. It was all run down then; now it's in good shape. You've laid out fifteen hundred dollars in improvements, according to your own story."

"But *you* had nothin' t' do about that. It's my work an' my money."

"You bet it was; but it's my land."

"But what's to pay me for all?"

"Ain't you had the use of 'em?" replied Butler, smiling calmly into his face.

Haskins was like a man struck on the head with a sand-bag; he couldn't think, he stammered as he tried to say: "But—I never 'd git the use. You'd rob me. More'n that: you agreed—you promised that I could buy or rent at the end of three years at—"

"That's all right. But I didn't say I'd let you carry off the improvements, nor that I'd go on renting the farm at two-fifty. The land is doubled in value, it don't matter how; it don't enter into the question; an' now you can pay me five hundred dollars a year rent, or take it on your own terms at fifty-five hundred, or—git out."

He was turning away, when Haskins, the sweat pouring from his face, fronted him, saying again:

"But *you've* done nothing to make it so. You hain't added a cent. I put it all there myself, expectin' to buy. I worked an' sweat to improve it. I was workin' f'r myself an' babes."

"Well, why didn't you buy when I offered to sell? What y' kickin' about?"

"I'm kickin' about payin' you twice f'r my own things—my own fences, my own kitchen, my own garden."

Butler laughed. "You're too green t' eat, young feller. *Your* improvements! The law will sing another tune."

"But I trusted your word."

"Never trust anybody, my friend. Besides, I didn't promise not to do this thing. Why, man, don't look at me like that. Don't take me for a thief. It's the law. The reg'lar thing. Everybody does it."

"I don't care if they do. It's stealin' jest the same. You take three thousand dollars of my money. The work o' my hands and my wife's." He broke down at this point. He was not a strong man mentally. He could face hardship, ceaseless toil, but he could not face the cold and sneering face of Butler.

"But I don't take it," said Butler, coolly. "All you've got to do is to go on jest as you've been a-doin', or give me a thousand dollars down, and a mortgage at ten per cent. on the rest."

Haskins sat down blindly on a bundle of oats near by, and with staring eyes and drooping head went over the situation. He was under the lion's paw. He felt a horrible numbness in his heart and limbs. He was hid in a mist, and there was no path out.

Butler walked about, looking at the huge stacks of grain, and pulling now and again a few handfuls out, shelling the heads in his hands and blowing the chaff away. He hummed a little tune as he did so. He had an accommodating air of waiting.

Haskins was in the midst of the terrible toil of the last year. He was walking again in the rain and the mud behind his plough, he felt the dust and dirt of the threshing. The ferocious husking-time, with its cutting wind and biting, clinging snows, lay hard upon him. Then he thought of his wife, how she had cheerfully cooked and baked, without holiday and without rest.

"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired the cool, mocking, insinuating voice of Butler.

"I think you're a thief and a liar," shouted Haskins, leaping up. "A black-hearted houn'!" Butler's smile maddened him; with a sudden leap he caught a fork in his hands, and whirled it in the air. "You'll never rob another man, damn ye!" he grated through his teeth, a look of pitiless ferocity in his accusing eyes.

Butler shrank and quivered, expecting the blow; stood, held hypnotized by the eyes of the man he had a moment before despised—a man transformed into an avenging demon. But in the deadly hush between the lift of the weapon and its fall there came a gush of faint, childish laughter, and then across the range of his vision, far away and dim, he saw the sun-bright head of his baby girl, as, with the pretty tottering run of a two-year-old, she moved across the grass of the door-yard. His hands relaxed; the fork fell to the ground; his head lowered.

"Make out y'r deed an' morgige, an' git off'n my land, an' don't ye never cross my line agin; if y' do, I'll kill ye."

Butler backed away from the man in wild haste, and climbing into his buggy with trembling limbs, drove off down the road, leaving Haskins seated dumbly on the sunny pile of sheaves, his head sunk into his hands.

Hamlin Garland.

THE LATE HENRY SHAW.

In the death of Henry Shaw, which occurred at his home in St. Louis, on August 25th, the West loses a man whose name will be remembered kindly not only by this generation, but also by persons interested in floriculture and horticulture for many generations to come. "Shaw's Gardens" are known to all persons who have visited St. Louis since 1869, and by name, at least, to the entire civilized world. It was by the cultivation of these gardens, and the gift to the city of St. Louis of Tower Grove Park, that Mr. Shaw acquired fame, and that rarer thing, the gratitude of his neighbors.

Mr. Shaw was not a native American, although he lived here most of his life and had many of those traits which distinguish the American character. He was born in England, in June, 1799. He came to this country in 1819, and looked about for a permanent home. St. Louis, which was then a trading town of two or three thousand population, attracted his attention by its promising location, and he decided to invest his few hundred dollars there in the hardware business. He continued in the hardware trade for about twenty years, when he retired with a fortune. As he was not yet forty years of age, he determined to spend some time in travel, and accordingly he invested his fortune in real estate, and left St. Louis for a ten years' tour of the world.

Upon his return from his travels, Mr. Shaw settled down on the real estate that he had bought, and devoted his time to the cultivation of plants and flowers. At that time the property was farm land, about three miles southwest of the St. Louis Court-house. In the course of time a strip of this land, about three hundred and fifty acres in area, extending from Grand Avenue two miles west to King's Highway, was transformed into Tower Grove Park, which was presented to the city of St. Louis on May 4, 1869. The Park contains about eight miles of roads and paths, and various bridges, rustic bowers, summer-houses, pagodas, and statues of Shakespeare, Humboldt, and Columbus, which Mr. Shaw presented to the city at different times.

Shaw's Botanical Gardens, which adjoin the Park, cover fifty acres of ground. With his death they became the property of the State of Missouri. Since their construction they have been open to the public as much as though they were in reality State or city property. The gardens are said to contain every species of plant and shrub known to botany. They have for years been one of the chief attractions of the Mississippi Valley.

It is believed that the greater part of Mr. Shaw's estate, which is valued at $2,500,000, will be left to the city of St. Louis in various bequests. The charitable institutions of the Episcopalian Church, of which Mr. Shaw was a member, will, it is thought, be particularly favored in his will. Mr. Shaw leaves a sister and a cousin in this country, and a large number of distant relatives in Manchester, England.

OUR NEW FIELD GUNS.

The defenceless condition of our seaport cities, and the necessity for an increase in our sea-coast artillery, both as regards *personnel* and modern weapons, has been pointed out to our readers in previous articles, and the press generally has discussed the question until it has become one of popular interest. The result has been recent legislation and appropriations, which have infused an unwonted activity among our ordnance officers in designing and manufacturing experimental heavy guns, and preparing the plant for their fabrication in large numbers as they are proved satisfactory.

But while the attention of the public has been occupied with the ponderous weapons required for the defence of our coast, a quiet but decided advance has been made in the lighter guns of the field artillery, *i. e.*, the artillery which moves with troops in the field in contradistinction to that occupying permanent works.

Until recently our light batteries have been armed with muzzle-loading guns which became obsolete shortly after the close of our civil war; but now they are being gradually supplied with a new weapon, and two of the batteries so equipped were present at the Mount Gretna camp. Practice firing with the new pieces at this encampment is the *motif* of Mr. Zogbaum's spirited sketch. Those familiar with the manual of the old muzzle-loaders will notice some novel features in the positions of the cannoneers, and so forth, in the new drill. The piece in the foreground is just being aimed, or, in artillery parlance, *laid.*

The gunner is sighting, preparatory to having the proper direction given to the piece, and at the same time is giving the elevation proper for the range—an operation more expeditious and accurate with the new compound screw-gear, of which the sketch gives a general idea, than with the old-fashioned elevating screw. The sponge, with its short staff, used in cleaning the breech after each discharge, is shown in the hands of the cannoneer to the right of the gunner. Besides this, and not shown in the sketch, is a smaller sponge, with jointed staff long enough to clean the bore when necessary. The piece next on the right is undergoing the operation of loading, and the next of firing, while the officer in charge, from the vantage-ground of his saddle, watches the various operations, gives directions, observes the effect of the projectile, and takes mental notes as to the probable value of the new gun in actual war. Briefly described, the new piece is a built-up, steel, breech-loading rifled gun, with interrupted screw fermeture, using the Freyre gas check.

Its total length is 90.8 inches (or about 7.5 feet); weight, a little over 800 lbs.; calibre, 3.2 inches; weight of projectile (whether shell or shrapnel), 13.5 lbs.; powder charge, 3.75 lbs., giving an initial velocity of 1668 feet. The shrapnel carries 157 bullets, and with the maximum elevation of 20° would give a range of over 6000 yards (about 3.5 miles), at which distance the shrapnel bullets would still be deadly. The effective range claimed, however, is 4500 yards (about 2.5 miles), which is attained with less elevation and a less dangerous shock to the carriage, and without the use of a telescopic sight.

Preliminary trials showed that as regards rapidity of fire, an average rate of 70 rounds per hour could be expected; though 46 rounds were fired at a rate of 120 rounds per hour. Comparative trials made abroad for the Servian government with a Krupp 3.3-inch gun (German) and a De Bange 3.15-inch gun (French) showed that for the former a rate of 53 rounds, and for the latter 82 rounds, per hour could be obtained. It has been the aim of the designers of our gun to surpass any foreign weapon of the same class; and the practice thus far had with the piece goes to show that it at least equals the best foreign makes. The carriage is a novel one, and is the design of Colonel Buffington, of the Ordnance. It is made of plates of mild steel, drop forged by the action of a powerful steam-die, and so united as to give strength and lightness combined with a graceful outline. It has axle-seats for two cannoneers, is fitted with spring brakes, adapted for checking recoil and for retarding the speed on down grades, and is furnished with wheels of the Archibald pattern. Its weight complete is about 1200 lbs. Major Williston, of the Artillery, recently assigned to command the light batteries concentrated at Fort Riley, Kansas, where it is understood that a permanent school for field artillery is to be established, has been associated with Colonel Buffington in designing an improved limber, a new caisson, together with a more satisfactory battery wagon and forge for the new field guns; and the manufacture of these carriages on the new plans has been commenced.

Major Williston has also devoted much attention to devising a new harness for field artillery, but this has not yet been finally adopted.

Some objections have been made to the excessive weight felt in raising or lowering the trail in limbering and unlimbering; also in regard to the way in which the breech block is hung, making it liable to be injured at the hinge from the jar of a quick opening; others complain that the piece and carriage are too heavy for horse artillery (that is, batteries whose cannoneers are all mounted, and which are supposed to act with the cavalry), and not quite heavy enough for field artillery proper (in which the cannoneers are not horsed, and only mount upon the limber chests in case of short rapid movements), whose sphere of action is with the infantry.

But these are all questions which can only be finally decided by the ordeal of service in the field, and the preliminary trials and outward appearance of the piece would lead us to expect a good service record.

Those captains whose batteries are supplied with the new gun speak well of it, and all are looking forward to the time when the obsolete and unserviceable war material may be replaced by the new.

It is impossible to keep the *personnel* of our little artillery force in a proper state of efficiency and drill without modern and improved ordnance to work with; and a good horse artillery soldier or a light field artilleryman requires far more training of a special nature than his infantry brother; and as matters now stand, our field artillery is far behind the cavalry and infantry in point of relative efficiency. As at present armed, the artillery soldier should be a good rider, an expert driver, be trained in the use of sword and pistol, have a thorough knowledge of harness, and of the subject of draught as applied to wheeled vehicles. He must understand horse-shoeing, and have some knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the horse, and must be skilled in the construction of earthworks suited to hasty artillery cover. Artillery officers hope that the new school of field artillery to be started at Fort Riley will go far to bring up the efficiency of this neglected arm, and the concentration there of five light batteries will give opportunities for drills and manœuvres not to be enjoyed by isolated commands.

It may be a surprise to many to learn that the battery at the West Point Military Academy is not only composed of obsolete material, but is in a decidedly dilapidated condition as well. Moreover, the horses used for instruction in riding and in cavalry drill are also used to horse the battery—a condition of affairs which prevents the instructors in either branch from bringing the cadets to as high a state of efficiency as they should be, or as they could be, were the commands entirely independent of each other. This end could be secured by having a modern battery permanently stationed at West Point, and fully horsed, manned, and equipped. The proposed extension of the reservation, if finally decided upon, would give the necessary room for the convenient location for artillery barracks and stables; and the favorable position of West Point, as regards transportation by rail or water, would make it a simple matter to place the battery at any of the State encampments, for the benefit of the militia, when its presence at the military academy could be dispensed with. In short, all that is required to place our present decrepit field artillery upon its legs and to give it new life is popular interest in it, which will finally result in appropriations from Congress—liberal enough to enable the start now made to be carried to a successful conclusion—in giving our service at least ten efficient batteries armed with modern weapons.

THE MONUMENT, INDIANAPOLIS.

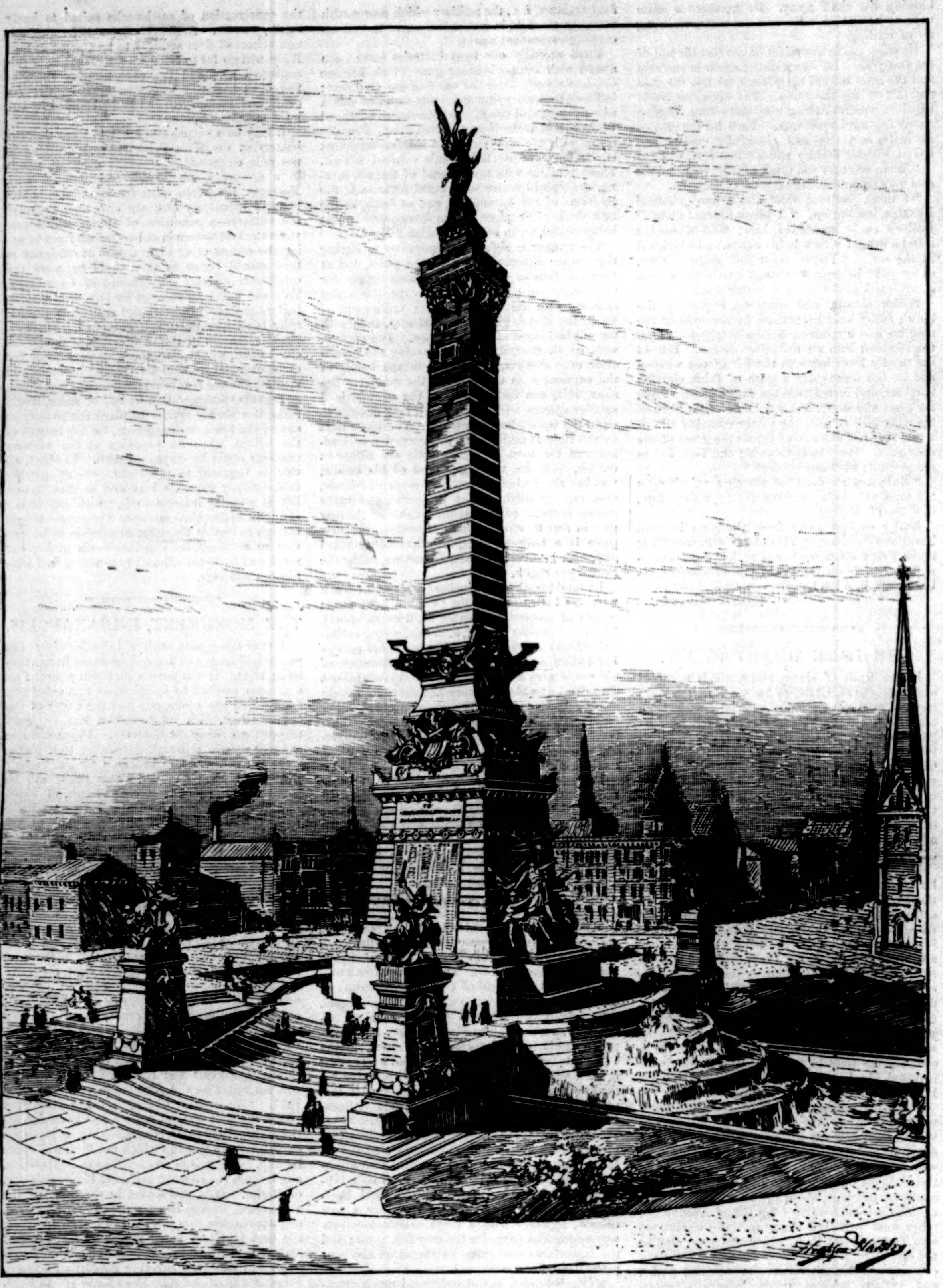
A very tall square shaft will rise far above the public buildings and fine residences of Indianapolis in 1890. It will have a platform guarded by a parapet, reached by spiral stairs and elevators, from which the whole city and the valley of the White River, with its branches, can be seen mapped out below the observer. Above will rise a small square pedestal, narrowing to a globe, on which will stand, in bronze, a winged Victory lifting one hand on high. This figure will be about half the height above the ground which the Washington shaft by the Potomac attains—namely, 269 feet—close on the height of the steeple of Trinity, New York, and about fifty feet more than the monument at Bunker Hill. The Victory is to be 28 feet high, yet will seem small at such an altitude, though its position is such that it will be quite detached against the sky. Observers will have a magnificent view far out into the surrounding country, while the shaft itself, lit by electricity, will prove by night and day a landmark such as the Liberty Statue now affords to the cities about the harbor of New York.

Indianapolis has little to speak of in the monumental line. There is a bronze statue, standing, of Morton, the war Governor, which the new structure will cast into insignificance, and which, therefore, will be removed to some new position. Hitherto this has been the only ornament of "the Circle," the heart and centre of the city, which was set apart on the foundation of the town in 1821. "Monument Circle," on the very spot where the first settlers built a residence for the Governor of the State, is occupied by an immense scaffolding, up through which the shaft will make its way. The design was selected in competition, and is from the German architect Bruno Schmitz, of Berlin. It is elaborated in the taste of the Fatherland, having two fountains east and west, and approaches to a terrace 110 feet in diameter, the first platform being reached by two broad stairways north and south in double flights, flanked by tall pedestals carrying equestrian statues. From this platform rises the square plinth bearing the pedestal of the main shaft or tower with a bold inscription—To Indiana's Silent Victors. The pedestal gradually narrows toward the base of the shaft, where trophies and large eagles with wide-spread wings fill the spaces left by the smaller diameters of the shaft. From the ground to the cornice of the pedestal on which these eagles rest is about 70 feet. The shaft is about 140 feet, and the platforms and natural elevation of the mound, lantern, and statue make up the total of 269 feet. Two of the pedestal fronts east and west, above the fountains, are masked by groups of statuary, and two north and south are left for inscriptions to record the names of those Indiana wishes to honor. The lower lines of the shaft are also broken by projections in the nature of bold ornaments, while its surface throughout is crossed by courses at even distances. At certain points bronze shields will be affixed. With its fountains flowing, its equestrian out-flankers in animated movement at the four corners, and its Victory poised on the apex, the monument will be all that the citizens can desire.

Great was the stir in the flourishing city of Indianapolis the other day when the corner-stone was laid in the presence of the President of the United States, who revisited his home for the purpose. The stone is a block of oölitic limestone from Indiana quarries, weighing six tons, and bears the following inscription:

August 22, 1889.
Erected by the
PEOPLE OF INDIANA.
Act of the
General Assembly,
March 3, 1887.

The monument was suggested in 1875, as a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of Indiana, those who took part in the civil war being understood thereby. As usual in such cases, efforts were made to raise a fund by popular subscription,



THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT OF THE STATE OF INDIANA, IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT INDIANAPOLIS.
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF W. B. BURFORD.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

but failed to secure any such sum as would procure a suitable monument. Finally a bill appropriating $200,000 passed the Senate unanimously, and the Lower House of the State with sixteen votes against it. The monument is not only placed at the centre of the town, but occupies a spot endeared to the citizens by associations. Here the first Governor's mansion became a building for offices of the State government. Here were the gatherings during the Mexican war, and the impassioned meetings that ushered in and accompanied the civil conflict. Here stood the Morton monument, and here were the first efforts made to provide the city with a public square. What place more fitting than this for a monument to recall the ardor and valor of citizens of Indianapolis during the long struggle for the Union?

THE MONEY MARKET RELIEVED.

THE business outlook has improved decidedly within the last few days. There seems to be in the practical affairs of life a species of contagion of events, a condition that is sententiously described by the adage, "It never rains but it pours." As applied to the matters under discussion, the proverb is more literally true of the past than of the present, for the last two years have been far from satisfactory to a large number of important interests; but as indicating an aggregation of occurrences, it is entirely applicable to the present. The development of influences having a favorable bearing upon the business of the country as a whole has been slow, but nevertheless very sure. A large and excellent yield of every important agricultural product is now practically assured. Certain localities have not fared as well as others, but the aggregate will be such as to increase our prestige as producers of staple product of the soil. The Southern States are about to gather the heaviest cotton crop ever raised by them, the Northeast is fairly irrepressible in reporting the quantity and quality of its wheat, while the last ten days or so has removed all apprehension regarding results from the corn belt, and given plausibility to estimates that the yield of that cereal will fully equal last year's enormous crop. The latest and most reliable estimate of the European wheat crop, that of the Vienna Grain Congress, places the deficiency of that crop at 222 million bushels. The comparison is with the average yield of the last five years. This would seem to insure a market for the surplus of the United States; but in estimating the amount of our exports the fact should not be lost sight of that Chicago grain speculators have, by their operations, frequently driven foreign buyers out of this market, and that they are liable to do so again. The manner in which the price of wheat has been marked up, or the supply of cash wheat cornered by speculative combinations, is chiefly responsible for the diversion of the foreign demand to other markets. An opportunity to recover that trade is now presented, and with it an equally desirable opportunity to supply a deficiency in the South American States, and thereby develop a more extensive trade with countries to which we do not now sustain reciprocal relations. No apprehension need be indulged in regarding the cotton crop, as that will move naturally to the Liverpool market.

The only factor that seemed likely to prevent the country from obtaining the full benefit of its agricultural prosperity was the money market. The conditions surrounding it have been fully described in this column of late, so that the present duty consists solely in noting the important change that has taken place the last few days. Within the week ending to-day the Treasury Department has purchased about $15,000,000 of government bonds for account of the Sinking Fund. As the great majority of the bonds bought were of the four per cent. issue, the amount disbursed for principal and premium is fully twenty per cent. greater than the face of the purchases, or about $19,000,000. This is a great relief to the money market, which had begun to work closely, and to arouse in commercial circles fears of stringency. There has been a marked easing of rates all around, and commercial paper, for which there was practically no market up to the early part of this week, is now negotiable in moderate amounts. These results are simply the outcome of the higher rates for money that have forced the holders of bonds, whether for speculation or investment, to realize upon them, that they might employ their funds more profitably.

Greater activity in general business is pretty sure to follow this change. It is generally conceded that nearly every branch of trade is on a sound basis. In fact, the possibility of tight money this fall has influenced every conservative business man to put his affairs on the safest basis possible. Consequently there is not likely to be any wild expansion resulting from loose or improper credits. The money that the Treasury is paying out will doubtless suffice to keep the market for funds in a healthy condition until exports of cotton and wheat help us to recover some of the gold Europe took from us during the first half of the year. Already the market for sterling exchange has had a premonitory tumble toward the figures at which it is profitable to settle foreign trade balances in specie. Progress in that direction may be delayed by the fairly active demand for money in London—a condition that, with the reluctance of the Bank of England to part with any large amount of its stock of gold, resulted to-day in an advance in the bank's rate of discount from 3 to 4 per cent. In the end, however, Europe is bound to buy largely of us, and if our demands for her wares do not exceed our sales, the settlement will have to be made in coin. At present the moderate growth of our foreign trade is due quite as much to the increase in imports as to larger exports.

The condition of the transportation industry has also been improved of late by the energetic action of Chairman Cooley, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, in giving the disturbing railroads running west from Chicago to understand that the leniency that has heretofore characterized the policy of the Commission will be abandoned in their case, and the law rigidly enforced. Rates have been restored, and a large and profitable business is being done. Incidentally it may be noted that the people who took charge of the affairs of the Atchison company last spring have made their first move, and given the company a new executive.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Thursday Evening, August 29, 1889.*

THE GRAND PREREQUISITE OF VIGOR.

THE dual operation of digestion and assimilation is the grand prerequisite of vigor. To insure the conversion of food into rich, nutritious blood, it is only necessary to use with persistence and systematically Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The fountain-head of supply in the animal economy is the stomach. To regulate, to invigorate that organ, and thus facilitate its digestive and assimilative processes, should be the chief aim of those troubled with a deficit of stamina. Nervousness, insomnia, feeble appetite—these are usually traceable to impaired digestion. Overcome this and you of necessity dismiss its multifarious, perplexing, and harassing symptoms. The emaciated can never hope to gain flesh so long as assimilation is imperfect. The Bitters surmounts the only obstacle to an increase not only of vigor, but of bodily substance. Conquer also with the Bitters malaria, kidney and liver complaint, constipation, and rheumatic trouble. Thoroughness characterizes its effects.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

THE Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome FOOD for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious FOOD for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

A ST. LOUIS physician writes: "The agreeable and palatable form of Nicholson's Liquid Bread renders it particularly valuable to infant invalids and nursing women.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"

THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES who have tried CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP will use no other. All Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES are greatly benefited by the use of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American tonic.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

A PERFECT complexion, free from pimple or blemish, is very rarely seen, because few people have perfectly pure blood. And yet, all disfiguring eruptions are easily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Try it, and surprise your friends with the result.—[*Adv.*]

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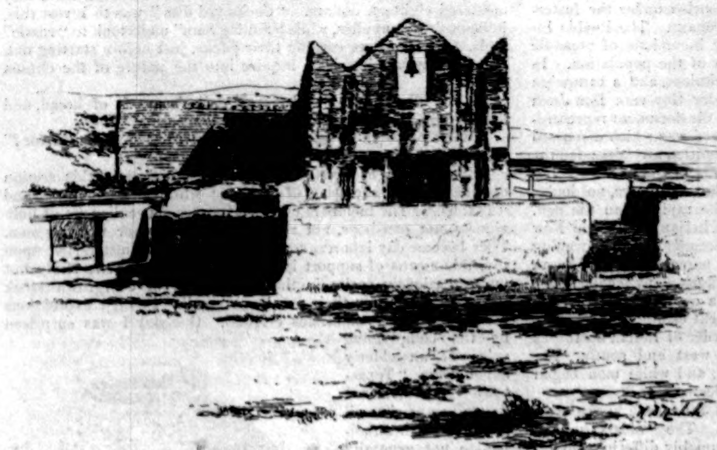
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE HEART OF NEW MEXICO.

BY F. M. ENDLICH.

FOR more than three hundred years the vast expanse comprising New Mexico and Arizona has been struggling toward completed, Caucasian civilization. Brave pioneers, inured to all manner of dangers and hardships, sped forth from the main Spanish camps in the conquered land of the Montezumas, to penetrate the unknown wilderness lying to the northward. Neither the arid waste of desert nor the jungle-like fastnesses of chaparral and cactus, nor yet the weapons and ambushes of hostile natives, could stem the foot of the adventurous Spaniard, who marched under the banner of an iron-hearted leader. Not hunger nor thirst, nor threatened death from exhaustion or at the hands of an enemy, could deter the dauntless spirit that yearned for conquest and booty.

Three and a half centuries ago, Cabeza de Vaca led a number of Spanish explorers into the valley of the Rio Grande. Large settlements were encountered on this march, and the inhabitants were found to live upon the fruits of tillage. They had congregated in villages and towns, and were organized in well-established systems of government. From the Spanish word for "town" they



OLD CHURCH AT SANTA CLARA PUEBLO.

received the name of *Pueblos*. The Pueblo kingdom soon became known under the name of *Cibola*, and marvellous tales were told of the wealth and treasure collected in its seven great cities. A few years after De Vaca's return to Mexico, Marco de Niza, and then the venturesome Coronado, were despatched northward, to subjugate the people of the newly found El Dorado. Without great riches, however, they returned to Viceroy Mendoza, after having suffered untold hardships.

About 1542 a band of Spanish soldiery, under Francisco de Bonillo, penetrated to the heart of our present New Mexico. At that time the Spaniards found a large and thriving village in one of the mountain valleys a short distance east of the Rio Grande. Here the conquerors rested for a short time and then returned to Mexico. Nearly forty years later—for civilization marched but slowly in those days — the Franciscan father Augustin Ruiz reached the same vicinity, but was murdered by the Indians. In 1582 Don Antonio de Espejo, accompanied by the Franciscan padre Bernardino Beltram, started on an expedition to learn the fate of Ruiz. They speedily heard of his death, but pushed forward to the mountain town found by Bonillo, and there established a Spanish settlement under the name of *Santa Fé de San Francisco* (Holy Faith of Saint Francis). Not until 1595, however, was formal possession taken of the land, for the Spanish crown, by Juan de Oñate.

While the earliest records of the Spanish occupancy are lost, we know that the influence of the missionaries began to be strongly felt in the conquered territory about fifty years after lodgment at Santa Fé had been effected. By 1635, or thereabouts, the first missions were organized in southern New Mexico, and, the ice once broken, the Christianizing of the natives was proceeded with most summarily. The priests and monks were supported by the military forces in all their undertakings, and the two combined eventually enslaved the Indian. Missions were founded, and churches were built along the valley of the Rio Grande, and on streams tributary to it, wherever the number of inhabitants would warrant it. The sword and the rope marched hand in hand with the cross and the missal. It was not long before the wily heathen discovered upon which side lay earthly salvation, at least, and the number of converts became amazingly large. A pathetic record of the methods employed in Christianizing the people is said to be extant in a rock-carving, which shows the Indian placed between a cross on the one side, a halter on the other. Later on, the priests endeavored to mitigate the sufferings which absolute bondage imposed upon the luckless natives, but their efforts availed but little.

The missionaries and soldiery must have worked with a will, for prior to 1680 a large number of churches had been built. From time to time hostile nomadic Indians would raid the peaceable

BURROS.

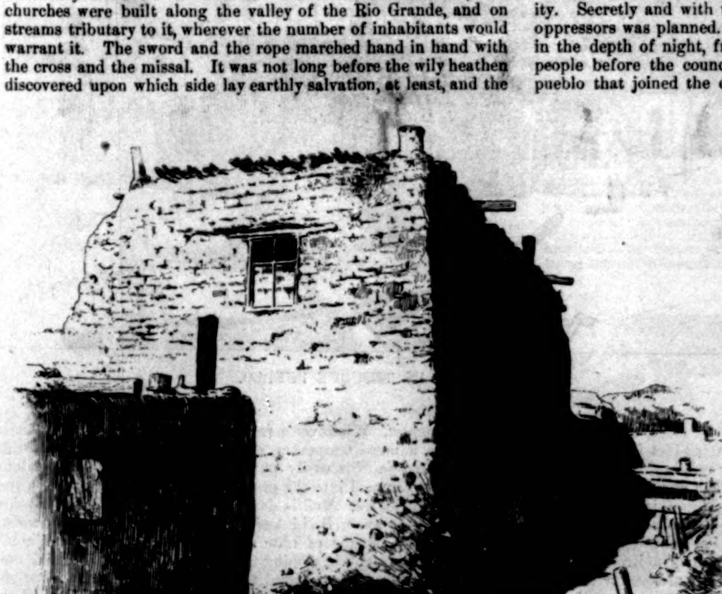
towns, and, among other acts of violence and desecration, destroy the buildings reared by the cowled padres. In style, the churches all followed the same general rule; they were built of *adobe* (sun-dried brick), with the front wall projecting above the flat roof, and containing a primitive belfry which ended in a feeble attempt at a steeple or cupola. Strong, high walls surrounded the church-yard, serviceable for defence, as well as for protection of the buried dead from the ravages of prowling coyotes.

While the clerical branch of the invading force was thus looking after the spiritual welfare of the conquered people, the military commanders busied themselves with exploring the country for treasure. Gold and silver were the magnets that drew the Spaniard into wild, unknown regions with irresistible force. It was the sovereign power of these metallic charms that enabled the greatest of all rulers over Spain to declare that the sun never set in his domains. Near Santa Fé, in the mountains to the east and south, nature has stored goodly quantities of the precious metals and of copper. A mere handful of Spaniards ruled the country, and, of their own strength, they could accomplish nothing in the way of wresting treasure from the earth; so they pressed into their service the unwilling Indians, working them as slaves. Day after day the latter were obliged to dig and mine with the most insufficient tools, and to smelt, with the crudest appliances, the ores which their enforced industry had produced. Expeditions were made into outlying districts and the natives sharply questioned as to the existence of metals. One officer showed an Indian his bright sword-blade, asking whether he knew of any white, shining metal resembling it. The crafty savage, before committing himself, desired to know what it was good for, and the Spaniard replied, with poetical license, "for sore eyes"; the record states, however, that the journey was completed without the discovery of any silver.

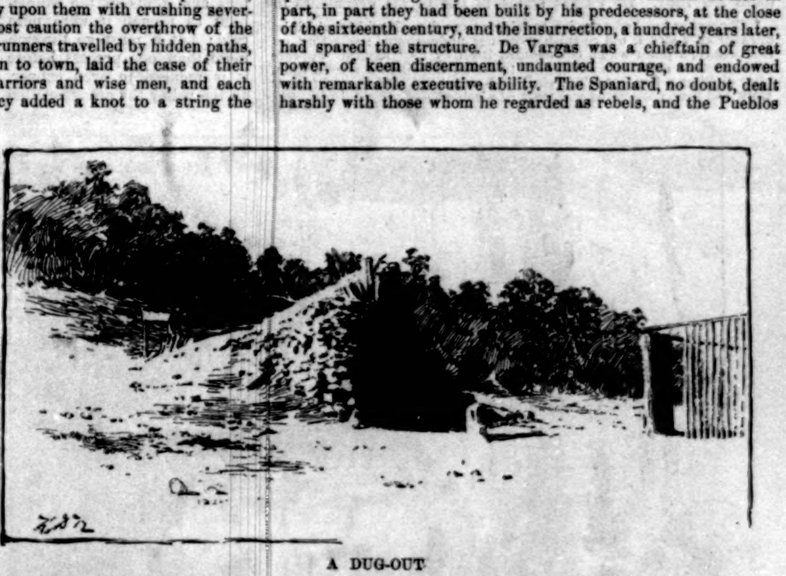
As the months rolled into years, the yoke of the conqueror became more and more unbearable. Indians from the north ravaged the lands of the harmless town-builders, while the remainder of their substance was being drained by the Spaniard. The slightest offences were punished with death; the religion of their forefathers was forbidden the Pueblos under most cruel penalties, and the hand of the foreigner lay upon them with crushing severity. Secretly and with the utmost caution the overthrow of the oppressors was planned. Swift runners travelled by hidden paths, in the depth of night, from town to town, laid the case of their people before the council of warriors and wise men, and each pueblo that joined the conspiracy added a knot to a string the messenger carried. At last all was ready; a great blow was to be struck for liberty—one that would drive the hated Spaniard from the home of the Pueblo. One night during August of 1680 the signal-fires sent their message across the land from lofty mountain-tops, and the hour had struck. A few Navajos joined in the uprising, but none of the other ordinarily hostile tribes. The stranger's rule received its death-blow on that night, and the life-blood of many a valiant Spaniard dripped from dozens of wounds inflicted by his former slaves. The padres, too, became martyrs to their calling, and fell before their altars, to which they fled for safety. Don Antonio de Otermin was Governor and military commander at Santa Fé. With the remnant of his garrison he fled for his life; nor was he permitted to stop until he had reached El Paso. Great suffering, hunger, and sickness overtook his followers, and they seriously thought of abandoning the new province altogether and retiring to Chihuahua. The Governor, however, decided to remain, and the habit of obedience prevailed among his stricken men.

Everything that was Spanish was given up to destruction by the Indians. Intoxicated with success, they closed up the openings to the mines they had worked; they obliterated all traces of shafts and tunnels, and sacredly guarded, for all time to come, the knowledge of valuable ore deposits. Mission churches were torn down or burned; school-houses and barracks were levelled to the ground, or adapted to their own uses; the sacraments of baptism and marriage, administered by the priests, were neutralized by washing the body and by taking unto themselves other wives and other husbands. In short, everything was done to render the brief reign of the foreigner forgotten—a thing of the past. From some records it would appear that the destruction of all missions cannot be laid at the door of the Pueblos. Thus a petition is extant, from the priests to the commanding officer at Santa Fé, complaining that the hostile Apaches had raided a number of Indian villages near Tijeras, and had destroyed several mission stations. The petitioners pray that summary punishment be dealt out to these heathen miscreants. Near Tijeras the ruins of a good-sized church are even now extant, and they may well be the silent token of bloody warfare waged by the Apaches against their inoffensive neighbors more than two hundred years ago. The storms of two centuries have passed over the ruined adobe walls, and their preservation throws a striking light upon the character of the prevailing climatal conditions.

The period of Indian independence was not to be of long duration, however, for a great captain soon appeared before Santa Fé, and once more subjugated the town—Don Diego de Vargas, Sapata Lujan. Ponce de Leon, the new commander, signs his orders, issued from the old gubernatorial palace at Santa Fé. His headquarters had originally been converted from Indian houses in part, in part they had been built by his predecessors, at the close of the sixteenth century, and the insurrection, a hundred years later, had spared the structure. De Vargas was a chieftain of great power, of keen discernment, undaunted courage, and endowed with remarkable executive ability. The Spaniard, no doubt, dealt harshly with those whom he regarded as rebels, and the Pueblos forsook their towns, and sought shelter in the mountains, as well as safety from the keen Spanish blades and spears. For a time they found refuge in the ruins left by the cliff-builders, but De Vargas pursued them with relentless energy. One after another he drove them out of their strongholds and places of concealment, back to their towns, into slavery or to a speedy death. Many a ruined town speaks of the implacable severity with which the com-



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN SANTA FE.



A DUG-OUT

mander's orders were enforced. Thousands of the despairing people were slain, and their acres laid waste. Once more the search for mineral treasure began, and the Indians again labored as *peons* (serfs). As an instance of the ingenuity with which the unhappy wretches had succeeded in hiding all traces of their former work, the San Lazaro mine may serve. It is a matter of record that this mine, located not far from the San Lazaro pueblo, had yielded great riches in the form of silver prior to 1680. In 1694, only fourteen years later, De Vargas sent out several expeditions to rediscover it, but each failed. To-day the site of the mine remains unknown, although hundreds of prospectors have searched for it.*

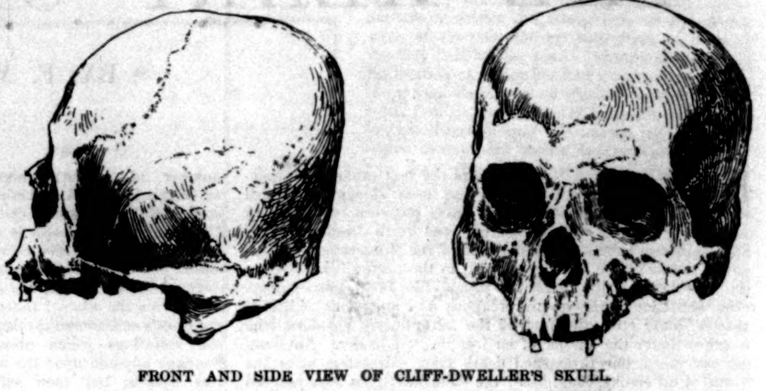
De Vargas soon realized that the best means of maintaining his supremacy lay in colonizing the new province with his own countrymen. Frequently he was called upon to stifle small insurrections or repel invasions of hostile Indians. He was a methodical officer, and kept a minute journal of his daily proceedings. Thus he relates an incident which may go toward depriving our General Sherman of the first authorship of a well-known expression,

PUEBLO INDIAN MAIDEN CARRYING TINAJA.

although it was, of course, original with him also. Sherman has characterized a good Indian as a dead Indian. De Vargas relates how he made an expedition against some unruly natives. He captured one of the leaders, took him to a cross-road, tied each hand and foot to a rope attached to a different horse, and then caused the horses suddenly to start in opposite directions. The Indian could not endure this method of procedure long, but separated into several fragments, and gave up the ghost. "Thus," explains the great Spaniard, "I succeeded in making a good Indian of him."

In 1693, De Vargas settled about 1500 of his countrymen within his domain, which comprised New Mexico, Arizona, and a part of southern Colorado. In 1697 he caused a census to be prepared, showing 313 families. This document gives not only the names of each member of the family, but the amounts of flannel and cloth, and the number of sheep, goats, and oxen which had been issued to each family. This census, the first one, probably, which was taken systematically in America, is extant at Santa Fé, together with many other highly valuable and interesting original papers. Very nearly all records prior to 1680 were destroyed throughout the province by the Indians, and at Santa Fé the first dates are 1681. De Vargas states, in one of his despatches to the home government, that he forward only copies of state papers to the city of Mexico as well as to Madrid, because the risk of sending the originals would be too great. Thanks to the care bestowed upon the latter by Mr. Samuel Elliston, these historical treasures have received intelligent attention at Santa Fé; but they should be translated, and given to the public without further delay. A munificent Congress could well afford to bestow the few thousands of dollars which would be required to make this fund of historical information available, and to guard against the possible loss of important records.* One of the striking characteristics of Spanish documents lies in the flourish always appended to the name. The technical name for it is *rubrica*. While, legally, the Spanish signature of the name proper, without the rubric, is invalid, the latter, alone, is entirely sufficient to attest any legal instrument.

* The writer has had occasion to mine an ore deposit within which he unexpectedly struck old Spanish workings underground: selecting, on the surface, a point which commended itself by its "natural" appearance, another shaft was sunk, only to strike workings a second time, after digging a few feet. The skill with which all evidence of former work had been obliterated was truly admirable.



FRONT AND SIDE VIEW OF CLIFF-DWELLER'S SKULL.

After the settlers had become firmly fixed in their new homes, they seemed to flourish under the fostering care of governmental patronage. The Pueblo Indians quieted down, and only incursions of nomadic hostiles disturbed the serenity of the population. In 1714 the Navajos became turbulent, and a campaign against them was planned under Governor Don Juan Ignacio Flores Mogollon. To the document representing the minutes of the council of war which discussed the plans of the proposed expedition are appended the names of all the Spanish officers of the district. The handwriting of some shows that they were, no doubt, more accustomed to handle the rapier than the pen. Gradually, but very slowly, the Indian troubles in New Mexico subsided. Santa Fé became the great trading city of the Southwest; and the name of the "old Santa Fé trail" even at this date awakens many recollections. From the busy town, as from a centre, civilization began to spread. Our government established a strong military post there, and the border of Indian hostilities kept moving farther to the west and south. The Pueblos became very friendly, and white men began to mingle with the creole Mexicans.

Santa Fé itself changes but little, save in the erection of some large buildings. The "oldest house" stands on a narrow lane, presumably differing but little now from what it was in De Vargas's days. Streets and ill-kept thoroughfares are enclosed by adobe houses, and peopled with the nightingale of New Mexico, the indispensable *burro*. Everything is as it was years and years ago. It is a delightful place; a place to rest in and grow old without knowing it. "*Sensim sine sensu senescimus*" was written by Cicero, but it applies to Santa Fé. The winters are cold enough to be bracing, the summers warm, with deliciously cool nights. Nobody is in a hurry; there is but a train or two a day; life is made easy and less wearing than elsewhere.

As we leave the capital, we soon find that the silver fever of the old Spaniards has persisted to this day. Holes and shafts and tunnels are dug into the earth or rock; silver and lead have come out of some, gold and copper out of others, disappointment out of the majority. The famous turquoise mines, known to the Spaniards as early as 1536, are but a short distance off, and the Pueblo Indians there burrow for their favorite *chalchahuitl*. We hear tales of wondrous wealth which Mexicans acquired years ago; we listen with credulous mind to the recital of how pounds upon pounds of solid gold were found within a season's work by a single man at some favored spot. Some of these stories are true, some are not. Isolated groups of mountains toward the southeast claim our attention, and we learn that they bear treasure in the form of copper and gold. At San Pedro, the great copper mine of the region gives employment to many men. Far below the reach of sunny rays the ore glistens and glints in the candle-light as though it were pure gold; but it must go through more than one process before it is reduced to even copper. In the valley the ore is smelted in furnaces, and eventually the product is shipped East for refining.

The composition of a mining camp is a curious one. Men from all quarters of the globe congregate there, in search of a livelihood. The roving prospector leaves his mountains and condescends to dwell in settlements for a while—long enough, at least, to earn a sum sufficient to carry him through another tour of exploration. His wants are few: a blanket, some bacon, flour, and tobacco, a pick, a shovel, and possibly a gold-pan. If he is wealthy, he may also indulge the flesh with liquid comforts. Two typical prospectors agreed to become "pardners" on a trip. Between them they mustered eighteen dollars. "Cock-eyed Jim" was to invest this, judiciously, in supplies, while "Sidling Sam" undertook to "rustle" tools. As they were cording their packs, just before starting out, Sam bethought himself to inquire into the nature of the chosen provisions.

"Two dollars' worth of bacon, a dollar's worth of bread, and fifteen dollars' worth of whiskey," reported Jim.

"What on earth do you want so much bread and bacon for?" was Sam's indignant remonstrance.

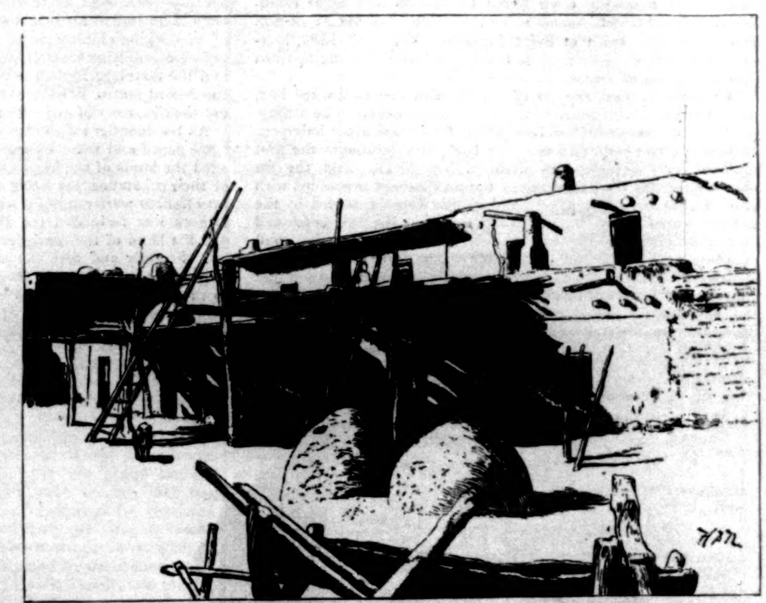
Three classes of people may be distinguished in this section of New Mexico, exclusive of Indians: white men, Mexicans, and "Texans." The members of the latter are a peculiar set of individuals, not cow-boys, not rustlers, not miners nor working-men. They become day-laborers sometimes, or small teamsters, live upon invisible means of support in many instances, and cheerfully but unostentatiously assist in the abridgment of overgrown stock herds. Fortunately their number is small. In their expressions these people are sometimes original. One day I was surprised by the complaining voice of an elderly dame from "Texas-town" who declared that "it was a shame" (qualified with an adjective not generally used in polite society) "how that good-for-nothing feller, hobble-foot Dick, had ben a-behavin'; now here he's ben a-settin' my Liza Jane fur nigh unto three months." While she was pausing to regain her breath, I pondered what peculiar crime that of "settin' Liza Jane" might be, but was speedily enlightened as the irate woman continued, "an' now we ben an' foun' out that he's a wife and five childrin." Subsequent investigation proved that our limping friend had been courting the winsome Eliza Jane most assiduously, without encountering much hostility.

VESSEL OF CORRUGATED WARE, AGE OF CLIFF-DWELLERS.

To the average miner the matter of habitation is one of very slight import. His stay may be but short, his requirements are far from pretentious. A hole dug into a bank or hill-side, a few rocks piled up to make a front wall, a layer of sticks and dirt over the top for a roof, and the classical "dugout," in its primitive form, is ready for occupancy. Mexicans are more fastidious in this respect. Wherever a regular adobe house cannot be built, or where a mere temporary shelter of brush is deemed insufficient, then a *jacal* is easily put up. Poles about nine feet long are solidly rammed into the ground close together, forming a rectangular enclosure. Mud is daubed on both sides of these poles, and all cracks are well chinked. Thinner sticks, with a covering of twigs and boughs of pine or cedar, and, finally, tough mud, serve to form a gently sloping roof. The fireplace is in one corner of the house, so arranged that the logs stand nearly upright within it; the chimney is on the outside. Though uncouth in appearance, these rude structures can be made quite comfortable.

The life of a miner and pioneer is a hard one, and he generally ends it in some forgotten corner, falling a victim to hostile savages, often killed in a brawl, occasionally stricken down by mountain fever, and again "planted" by sympathetic comrades. He rarely gains enough of this world's goods to retire and enjoy an

* I desire here to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Elliston, who granted me an inspection of the documents in question, and translated from the quaint, old-style Spanish such portions as I have drawn upon.



SKETCH IN TESUQUE PUEBLO.

CAVE-DWELLINGS IN ROCKS NEAR ESPAÑOLA.

PUEBLO INDIAN GIRLS WITH WHITE BOOTS.

old age free from care. Upon their last resting-places these indomitable forerunners of civilization bestow but scant attention. Any conveniently located spot, which does not interfere with the water supply of the camp, will answer for a graveyard, technically known as "bone-orchard." Beyond trying to keep coyotes from resurrecting the dead, no special preparations mark their last resting-places, except in rare instances. Fences, or heavy logs, or a sort of cairn usually suffice to keep the brutes from desecrating the graves. On one occasion I reached a small mining camp which supported two separate "orchards." My first impression was that the place must be very unhealthy, or that the one was probably devoted to the victims of small-pox, that dreaded scourge of the frontier. Questioning, however, elicited the fact that what might be regarded as *social distinction* was marked by the two sites.

"You see, stranger," explained a weather-beaten, grizzly-bearded veteran—"you see, we had to draw the line somewhere; camp was a-gittin' altogether too mixed, so we started the new orchard

PUEBLO SQUAWS AND PAPPOOSES.

fur them as died without their boots on; but the old stand-by, the big one, we kep' for the boys that can't take time to pull 'em off afore turning up their toes."

The answer was all that could be desired, and conveyed a very clear idea of the condition of affairs at this locality.

A class of men often confounded with cow-boys is that of the "rustlers." This word has been adopted as describing a border outlaw. It is derived from "wrestling," and originally meant one who bestirred himself for a living, *i. e.*, who wrestled with what opposed him. Not many years ago it was rather a compliment to call a man a rustler; it was then simply a tribute to his pluck and energy. The rustler of to-day also bestirs himself for the means of livelihood, but he has an unfailing knack of letting his hand fall upon the property of others.

By far the most interesting inhabitants of this section of New Mexico are the Pueblo Indians. As to their origin, much has been, and more may be, *surmised*. According to the traditions of the wise men, their forefathers came from the great mountains and lakes far to the northward ages upon ages ago. Fables and myths are interwoven with what may be legends founded upon fact; but the truth is difficult to separate from fiction. Their myths seem to refer to families rather than to entire tribes, and they are so strongly colored with imagery as to be susceptible of almost any interpretation. At first sight the temptation to connect the Pueblos directly with the ancient cliff-dwellers is very strong. Numerous ruined towns and villages, once belonging to this curious people, occur within the regions now occupied by the Pueblos. Every one has heard of the old stone houses, half hidden in almost inaccessible nooks, on the steep faces of high bluffs, or built against rocky walls, much like the mud nests of swallows. Less well known are the cave-dwellings, which afforded shelter to probably the same people at a later period. In some huge cliff of sandstone they hollowed out communicating caverns of various dimensions. Access from the outside was gained through low, narrow doors. Round or square openings in the rock wall served as windows and supplied light and air. At favorable points several stories of such caves may be found in the same bluff. From these safe but dungeon-like habitations the cliff-dwellers issued forth to attend to their daily avocations. They were not a war-like race, but remained on the defensive. Whence they came is a matter of much obscurity. Recent investigation in Arizona by Cushing seems to make it probable that they were the descendants of that great and prosperous nation which built large towns in the valleys of mighty rivers, which had a most highly developed civilization, and which was eventually scattered and partly destroyed, possibly by the effect of earthquakes, and subsequent ravages of nomadic Indians.*

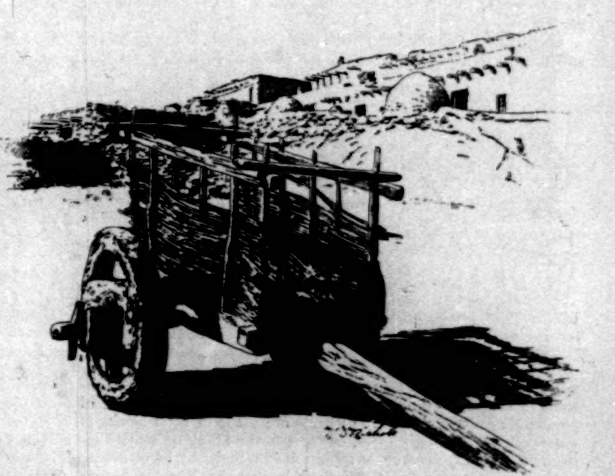
Seeking shelter from their enemies in the seclusion of rocky cañons, living the life of hunted animals, but withal following agricultural pursuits, these old inhabitants must have passed hundreds of years in their fort-like homes. Later on, they probably moved into the lower country again and sought the vicinity of rivers and open valleys. Three causes may account for such migration: their enemies may have disappeared; they may have increased sufficiently in numbers and warriors to withstand attacks in the open country; or they may have joined kindred settlers in the valleys. The Indians claim for the ruins that "they were always there." No legend seems to go back to a period prior to their existence. If, therefore, the present town-builders are the descendants, though in part only, of the cliff-dwellers, then a very long time must have elapsed between the abandonment of the cliff-houses and the advent of the Spaniards. It may be assumed that some of the old Toltec settlements escaped the general destruction, that the inhabitants were finally driven southward by invading Indians, and that the cliff-dwellers, thus reinforced, may have abandoned their stone houses and caves, returning to a class of habitation which their forefathers at one time occupied. When the Spanish troops reappeared in New Mexico, after the Pueblo insurrection of 1680, the frightened natives fled from their towns, justly dreading the punishment that was in store for them. They entered the cañons and narrow valleys, and occupied the cliff-houses and caves. More than one good battle they gave the Spaniards; but by 1695 De Vargas had driven all who were not slain back to their villages. This fact has given rise to the erroneous supposition that the original cliff-dwellers still inhabited their abodes at the time the Spaniards first conquered the country.

* On the Rio Animas and Rio San Juan, in southern Colorado, there are ample evidences of populous towns, and of extensive agricultural development. Irrigating ditches can be traced even now, and the tilled acreage must have been very considerable. Such settlements may be provisionally ascribed to the Toltec period, for want of a better name and more definite information.

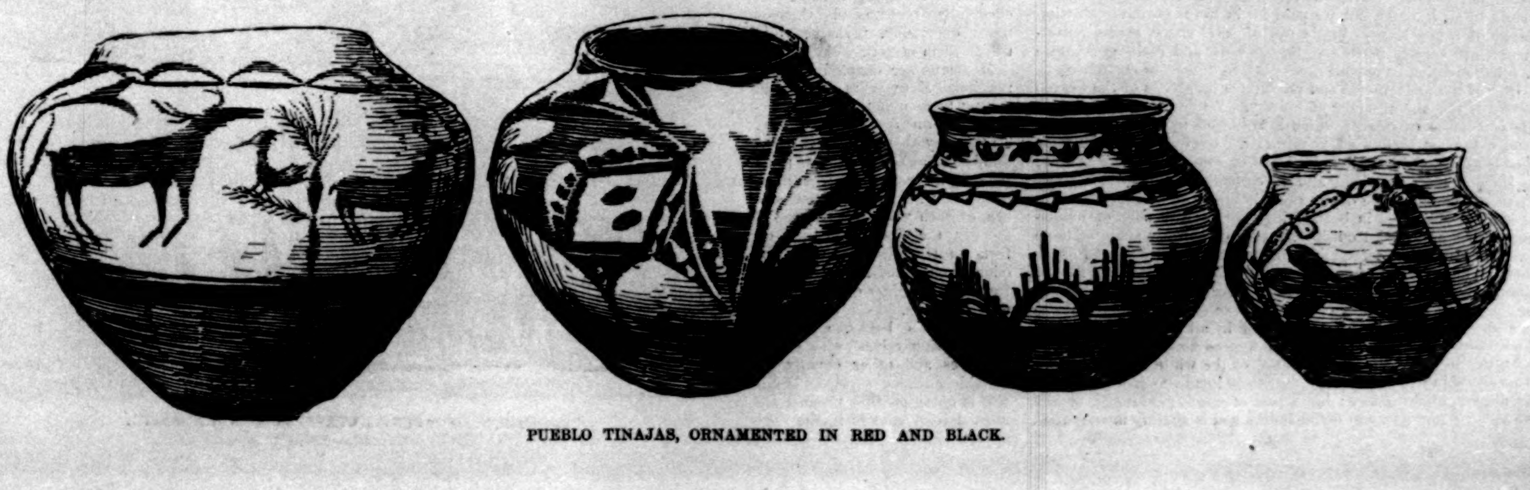
PUEBLO INDIAN—NAVAJO SADDLE AND BRIDLE ON HORSE.

A very decided characteristic of the cliff-dweller seems to lie in the flattening of the rear portion of his skull. Having observed many Indians, I am satisfied that this excessive flattening is due to design, and is not simply the result of carrying the pappoose strapped down upon a board. In their pottery, too, these old aborigines show a radical variation of form and method of manufacture in one quite prevalent variety. Vessels belonging to this class have a curiously corrugated surface, are not ornamented with colors, and were made by winding a thin cylinder of clay over some mould in the form of a spiral. Concerning pottery and stone implements, it must ever be remembered that since the abandonment of the present ruins, Indians as well as Mexicans have lived there from time to time, have mingled new articles of manufacture with the old, and have thus modified the general character of vessels and tools. Judicious excavations only can produce true results in most cases.

Along the Rio Grande and its main tributaries, wherever water for irrigation can be obtained, the Pueblos have built their towns. Most of them bear testimony to the presence of the Spanish rulers, who were piously inclined—San Domingo, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, and many others, are names which have superseded the old Indian appellations. The majority of the towns are laid out on the same general plan. A large *plaza*, or square, is set apart, and the buildings surround this, fronting toward it. As the village grew it usually expanded parallel with the course of the stream near which it was located. For the purpose of economizing space, probably, no less than for resisting attacks, the Indians built their houses several stories high. At Taos Pueblo, three and four tiers of houses are perched one on top of the other, but ordinarily the number of stories does not often exceed two. The upper rooms are reached by means of loose ladders, which can be drawn up, thus destroying, for the time, the means of approach. Tesuque Pueblo, a short distance north of Santa Fé, is one which existed when the Spaniards first reached Santa Fé, but it has retained the original Indian name. It is a very pretty village, well cared for, and thoroughly clean. Like in many other towns, the beehive-shaped bake-ovens occupy prominent places, and here are located not only on the *plaza*, but also on the roofs, to be used in case of necessity.



OLD INDIAN CART.



PUEBLO TINAJAS, ORNAMENTED IN RED AND BLACK.